

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

APRIL 28, 1958

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



THE DODGERS'
WALTER O'MALLEY

\$7.00 A YEAR

(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)

VOL. LXXI NO. 17

THUNDERBIRD



New Ford Thunderbird seats four —
now it's twice the fun to own one!

Even the most gregarious man can be a Thunderbird man now. Family? Friends? Take 'em along!

Take them in style—Thunderbird style! The new T-bird has *four* of the most comfortable, most luxurious full-sized fine-car seats you can imagine. *Plenty* of room all around. Head room. Leg room. Shoulder room. And enough trunk room to take care of the full luggage requirements of four people on a cross-country trip!

All this comfort, all this room, in a car that's all T-bird in spirit, in power, in performance! As always, the new Thunderbird handles deftly and parks easily. It maneuvers and corners like a sports car!

Your Ford Dealer invites you to see and drive this excitingly different car. He'll tell you the most startling news of all: You can own the new 4-passenger Thunderbird for far less than you would pay for other luxury cars!



Extraordinarily wide and welcoming doors give you direct access to all four individually contoured seats. Front seats are individually adjustable, too. (That's standard, by the way.) Thunderbird's exclusive console runs fore and aft, houses power window controls, heater control, radio speaker and ash trays for the convenience of all four passengers. This is travel—Thunderbird style!

AMERICA'S MOST INDIVIDUAL CAR.

To Introduce You to the New RCA VICTOR POPULAR ALBUM CLUB

THESE FIVE OR ANY FIVE OF THE
18 ALBUMS DESCRIBED BELOW
FOR ONLY \$3.98 [RETAIL VALUE AS HIGH AS \$24.90]
plus a small postage and handling charge

... If you agree to buy five albums from the Club during the next twelve months from at least 100 to be made available

THIS exciting new plan, under the direction of the Book-of-the-Month Club, enables you to have on tap a variety of popular music for family fun and happier parties... and at an immense saving. Moreover, once and for all, it takes bewilderment out of building such a well-balanced collection. YOU PAY FAR LESS FOR ALBUMS THIS WAY—than if you buy them haphazardly. For example, the extraordinary introductory offer described above can represent as much as a 40% saving in your first year of membership. THEREAFTER YOU SAVE ALMOST 33 1/2%. After buying the five albums called for in this offer, you will receive a free 12-inch 33 1/2 R.P.M. album, with a retail price of at least \$3.98, for every two albums purchased from the Club. A WIDE CHOICE OF RCA VICTOR ALBUMS will be described each month. One will be singled out as the album-of-the-month. If you want it, you do nothing; it will come to you automatically. If you prefer one of the alternates—or nothing at all in any month—you can make your wishes known on a form provided. You pay the nationally advertised price—usually \$3.98, at times \$4.98 (plus a small postage and handling charge).

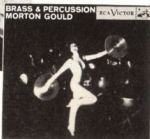
RCA VICTOR
PERRY COMO: WE GET LETTERS



ALL ALBUMS ARE
12-INCH 33 1/2 R.P.M.
LONG-PLAYING



Belafonte



SINGING STARS • BROADWAY MUSICALS • JAZZ

DANCE MUSIC • MOOD MUSIC • COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

CHECK THE FIVE ALBUMS YOU WANT. DO NOT DETACH FROM THE COUPON

☐ WE GET LETTERS Perry Como sings 12 standards. 8 songs. "Deed I Do, etc."

☐ BELAFONTE Scarle Ribbon, Melinda, Water, 8 more folk songs, ballads, spirituals, calypso.

☐ FRANKIE CARLE'S SWEETHEARTS Dance piano, rhythm, 12 "girl" songs: Valse, Laura, Cecilia, etc.

☐ NEW GLENN MILLER ORCHESTRA IN HI FI Ray McKinley, Lullaby of Birdland, On the Street Where You Live, 12 dance items.

☐ BRASS & PERCUSSION Morton Gould Symphonic Band, 14 short pieces, 17 marches, with 8 of Sousa's best. Others by Goldman, Gould.

☐ JAMAICA Original Broadway cast, starring Lena Horne, Comedienne Arden-Harburg hit score.

☐ MARIO LANZA—STUDENT PRINCE Hits from Broadway musicals, 12 songs, 14 favorites by the exciting tenor.

☐ BING WITH A BEAT A Crosby jazz band with Bob Scofield's Finest Jazz Band, 12 more old-time favorites.

☐ TOWN HALL CONCERT PLUS Louis Armstrong's colt, 12 songs, 14 favorites, 12 more old-time favorites.

☐ LET'S DANCE WITH THE THREE SUNS Party show tunes, standards in "society" dance medleys.

☐ SHORTY ROGERS PLAYS RICHARD ROGERS Modern jazz by combo and big band, Stars Glorify, Per-Kins, etc.

☐ THE FAMILY ALL TOGETHER Pledier, Boston Pops, Night classics: Ravel's Bolero, Clair de Lune, etc.

☐ MUSIC FOR DINING Mexican strings in 12 mood music, Tenderly, September Song, Char-maine, etc.

☐ BOUQUET OF BLUES Dinah Shore torch songs, 12 standards, 14 favorites, 12 more old-time favorites.

☐ SWEET SEVENTEEN Ames Brothers in 12 standards, 14 favorites, 12 more old-time favorites.

☐ THE HEART OF HAVANA Authentic Cuban cha-cha-chas by Orquesta Aragon, 12 standards, 14 favorites, 12 more old-time favorites.

☐ THE EYES OF LOVE Hugo Winterhalter's lush orchestra in 12 standards: Tenderly, Get It In Your Eyes, I Only Have Eyes for You, etc.

THE RCA VICTOR POPULAR ALBUM CLUB
c/o Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc.
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please register me as a member of The RCA Victor Popular Album Club and send me the five albums I have checked at left, for which I will pay \$3.98, plus a small mailing charge. I agree to buy five other albums offered by the Club within the next twelve months, for each of which I will be billed at the nationally advertised price: usually \$3.98, at times \$4.98 (plus a small postage and handling charge). Thereafter, I need buy only four such albums in any twelve-month period to maintain membership. I may cancel my membership any time after buying five albums from the Club (in addition to those included in this introductory offer). After my fifth purchase, if I continue, for every two albums I buy I may choose a third album free.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

NOTE: If you wish to enroll through an authorized RCA VICTOR dealer, please fill in here:

Dealer's Name _____

Address _____

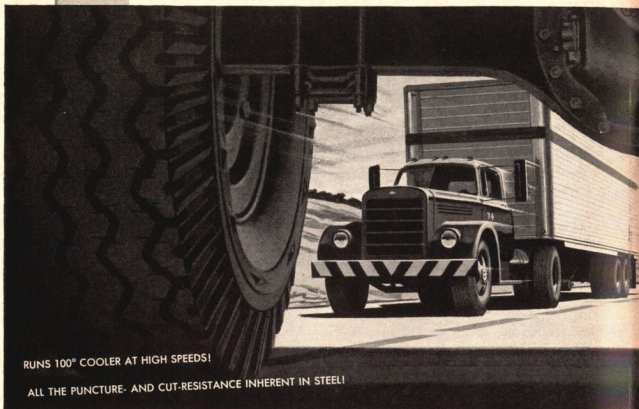
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

PLEASE NOTE: Send no money. A bill will be sent. Albums can be sent only to residents of the U. S., its territories and Canada. Albums for Canadian members are made in Canada and shipped duty-free from Ontario.

Look for this nearby Goodyear dealer sign
for better tire values — better tire care.



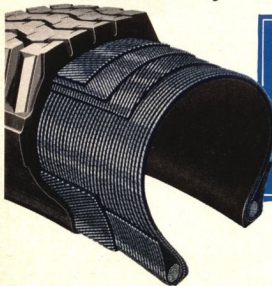
Here comes the U



RUNS 100° COOLER AT HIGH SPEEDS!

ALL THE PUNCTURE- AND CUT-RESISTANCE INHERENT IN STEEL!

From Goodyear—a new truck tire combining the



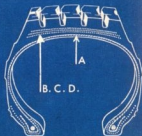
CROSS-SECTION CUTAWAY

of new **UNISTEEL** by GOODYEAR

See how steel cable body (A)—anchored from bead to bead—is independent of crisscrossed steel cable tread piles (B-C-D) which are cushioned and locked together by specially developed Goodyear rubber compounds.

The triangular arrangement of the three tread-reinforcing piles forms a tread belt or hoop which rolls on the road without transverse working and scrubbing of the tread surface.

Flexibility at sidewall cushions the load; tread-working and tread-squirring which rob mileage are fought to a standstill.



GOOD

UNISTEEL tire!



TWO TO THREE TIMES ORIGINAL TREAD MILEAGE POSSIBILITIES!

strength of steel with revolutionary "belted" construction

THE UNISTEEL marks a major milestone in highway hauling performance—and it is of importance to every American trucker who operates an over-the-road fleet.

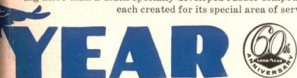
Fundamentally, the UNISTEEL is a tire built with steel cords instead of fabric plies—and in concept and construction it is radically different—utilizing revolutionary equipment, materials and methods.

The UNISTEEL starts with one radial ply of steel cable which sinews its body from bead to bead. It is then buttressed by three steel cable breaker strips—forming a "belted" type tire—where the tread area is constricted so that mileage-stealing squirming and scuffing of the tread are virtually eliminated.

But beyond that lies a host of tire-building skills—encompassing more than a dozen specially developed rubber compounds, each created for its special area of service.

THE RESULT IS A TIRE that increases tread mileage two to three times—and runs as much as 100° cooler than conventional tires. A tire with triple puncture- and cut-resistance. A tire which serves as an "extra set of springs," since its unique steel construction confines tire-working and flexing to its buoyant sidewalls. The result is a tire which smooths the ride of fragile cargo, saves equipment from unnecessary bounce punishment.

In short, the UNISTEEL tire is radically new—so new and different that it requires new materials, different methods of manufacture, and different manufacturing equipment to produce it—so availability may be limited for some time. But, if you are a highway hauler, you should order some UNISTEEL tires now to prove for yourself just what this tire can do for you. Get full details from your Goodyear dealer or by writing Goodyear, Truck Tire Department, Akron 16, Ohio.



**MORE TONS ARE HAULED ON GOODYEAR
TRUCK TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND**

Unisteel—T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

LETTERS

Fallout Fallout

Sir: Your article on the nuclear test debate was excellent, especially in view of the publicity given to the "Ban the Bomb Boys." For the layman, there appears to be only one choice: Should he put his faith in Edward Teller, the "father of the H-bomb," or in Linus Pauling or Edward Condon, two scientists who have so long leaned toward the left (politically) that they are no longer able to discern what is right (militarily or morally)? I prefer to trust my nuclear future to Dr. Teller.

EDWIN McDOWELL

Philadelphia

Sir: Should we end nuclear tests? No. If we have a weapon equal to that of our enemies, they will be afraid to use it, as Hitler was afraid to use gas in the last war.

ALEC M. EARLE

Charleston, W. Va.

Sir: Surely the U.S. would be committing diplomatic suicide if it were to continue with plans for H-bomb tests in the Marshall Islands this spring, now that the Soviet Union has made a unilateral (if conditional) promise to quit.

MARIANNA PRICHARD

Hannibal, Ohio

Sir: Does it matter to the uncommitted people of the world that they are faced with extinction at the hands of a clean bomb or a dirty bomb? Also what happens if Dr. Teller does develop a clean bomb? Will we throw out all of the dirty ones?

GENE RUNDELL

Summit, N.J.

Sir: When a TV hawk tells the public to buy a new wonder pill, millions of Americans believe him and go buy—buy—buy. However, when a renowned scientist tells us that fallout danger from a bomb is less than living a normal life in Denver—these same millions disbelieve him.

W. C. HELLER

Flourtown, Pa.

On a Zoom & a Prayer

Sir: If St. Christopher really helped your "devoted rocketmen" get the Vanguard into orbit [March 21], why don't we invite

Bishop Sheen (or Billy Graham) down to Cape Canaveral to give our new satellites an extra boost? Solid fuels? Bah! All we will need is prayer and a sky-hook.

RICHARD I. BRIGGS

Cleveland

Squeeze, Squeeze

Sir: The recession will never end unless something is done to relieve the people of unfair taxation. It's too much of a load.

JOE SOLMONSE

Providence

Sir: A fatal epidemic of pampering the unions and the farmer has left the middleman in a hell of a squeeze.

HARRY FARRIOP

Nogales, Ariz.

Sir: Pity the poor taxpayer. He is caught between the Democrats, the Republicans and local politicians in their frantic political maneuvering to outdo each other in using his money to spend him out of the recession.

W. ELLIOTT CAMP

Rome, Ga.

Good Shape?

Sir: Your April 7 report on General Norstad's "reception" by our Senate Foreign Relations Committee points up the tragical likelihood that the U.S. will lose further ground to nations with governments less hamstrung than ours in dealing with national or international problems by day-to-day dependence on unqualified legislators.

GEORGE H. FISH

Newburyport, Mass.

Sir: If this is a typical example of the way matters of worldwide importance are disposed of, our upper legislative chamber is degenerating into a de luxe home for the aged.

LEO KUKURANOV

San Francisco

Sir: I was amused to see your photograph of the chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and myself in such a striking pose. It is apparent that he is the champ. The Foreign Relations Committee heard me in a brief open session which was followed by a closed meeting that extended my time

before the committee to a total of three hours. Six Senators listened attentively to my presentation, and all of them asked very good—I would say, penetrating—questions. I thought that my trip from SHAPE, Paris to support the vital Mutual Security Act served a useful purpose. The attitude of Chairman Green and the committee seemed to support this conclusion.

LAURIS NORSTAD
General, U.S.A.F.

Washington, D.C.

¶ Total membership of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee: 15.—ED.

The Shook-Up Generation

Sir: When psychiatry became the vogue several years ago, we were told to handle the teenager with kid gloves—"he's a sensitive adolescent"—*ad nauseam*. It's now grown to a frightening overemphasis via the movies and TV, which cater to the teen-age audience, and too often justify violence and sadism.

MARIAN L. GILBERT

Three Rivers, Mich.

Sir: When ten- and twelve-year-old boys see adults repairing pistols in open-air markets, hour after hour of gunplay on TV and in the movies, how can people such as those in Woodward, Okla. be "astounded" and ask each other "how such a thing could happen" when the boys steal guns and shoot people?

WESLEY P. CALLENDER JR.

Tuckahoe, N.Y.

Calling Detroit

Sir: According to the United Auto Workers' latest demands, nothing much remains for them but to take over the auto industry by holdup. Reuther should be put to hard labor in jail for endangering the welfare of the nation. Communists all over the world are now entitled to be highly amused to see this exhibition of what we still call Free Enterprise.

D. CURRIE

Toronto

Sir: Is there not one Kohler among the automakers in Detroit with the guts to tell Reuther to go fly his socialistic kite?

CHARLES W. MOORE

Anaheim, Calif.

Sir: So Chrysler's strategy "to combat sales slump" is splashier trim and more chrome. How unrealistic can the get? What they ought to do is rip the nasty stuff off their monsters and cut prices.

HOMER ALLISON

Omaha

Sir: We are in a lower-income bracket, and we purchased our Renault for economy. For those who object to the small car, my husband is 6 ft. tall, weighs 175 lbs. and has plenty of room; our two children prefer it to their grandfather's cars (Buick and a Cadillac). A large number of Americans don't want an overinflated Detroit Leviathan—just economical transportation.

JOAN DAVENPORT

Joplin, Mo.

Thoughts on Stone

Sir: Architect Edward D. Stone's beautiful grilles are but one aspect of his total contribution to modern architecture. The qualities

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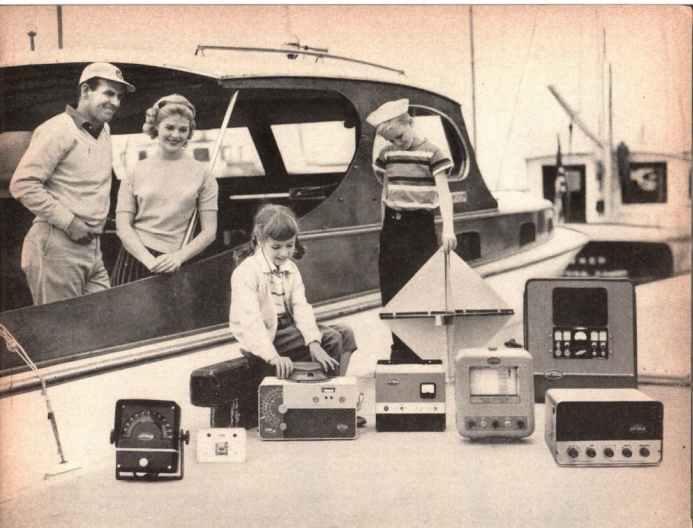
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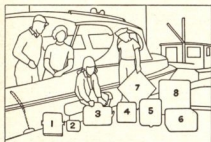
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1. "Holiday" depth sounder, \$159.50. 2. Gasoline fume detector, \$64.50 and \$158. 3. "Ranger" radio direction finder, \$249.50. 4. Shore power converter, from \$112.50. 5. Fathometer® depth sounder Model DE-701, \$535. 6. Model RAY 12 radiotelephone, \$294.50. 7. Radar reflector, \$14.95. 8. Model RAY 60A radiotelephone, base price \$727.

For your nearby Raytheon dealer, see the Yellow Pages of your telephone directory.

"SAFETY MAKES A HAPPY SHIP"

Millions of Americans are making pleasure boating the nation's fastest-growing recreation. For ocean, lake and river cruising, Raytheon offers the most modern, extensive line of marine electronic products on the market.

In 45 states, over 200 authorized dealers supply Raytheon radio direction finders and depth sounders for safe navigation, ship-to-shore radiotelephones for communication with Coast Guard, home or office—together with other products that safeguard pleasure afloat.

Built to seagoing standards of quality, Raytheon marine equipment has earned an outstanding reputation for reliability and long life. The quality of these products is typical of the skills of the 30,000 men and women at Raytheon who are contributing to the well-being of the American people.



Excellence in Electronics

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**"YOU MEAN
TO SAY
WE'RE NOT
GOING
FORMAL!"**

Men find it's fun, as well as fashionable, to slip into the aura of elegance an After Six provides. Hence our man's obvious relish in looking exactly right. Not for him that old-fashioned resistance to the donning of formal garb. He's luxuriating in the handsome look of an After Six. It sits so lightly on his shoulders he'd never know he wore it... if it weren't for his admiring glances! It's so much fun to go formal it would honestly be stuffy of you not to see this distinguished formal wear today!

*Imported silks, lustrous mohairs, shadow-weight
tropicals, man-made fabrics and automatic
wash-and-wear. In crisp white—vibrant colors.
From \$27.95. Harmonizing (and contrasting)
cummerbund and tie sets, too.*



Write for Free Dress Chart Booklet by BERT BACHARACH, foremost authority on men's fashions. AFTER SIX FORMALS, Dept. T-2, PHILA. 3, PA.

of elegance, richness and refinement inherent in his work suggest a high degree of maturity that seems sadly lacking in the purely utilitarian design of many of our present-day buildings.

JOHN G. WILLIAMS
Chairman

Department of Architecture
University of Arkansas
Fayetteville, Ark.

Sir:

While the pierced screen is a rich and subtle architectural form perfectly suited to certain climes and functions, I am utterly appalled at the suggestion of "hiding" slums, or other bad building, behind a screen. How false can we get? If there is bad building or misplaced structures, tear them down and rebuild with correct architecture, but above all, avoid sham—even in the beautiful form of pierced screens.

MAYNARD W. MEYER
Architect

Milwaukee

Giving a Tinker's Dam

Sir:

TIME, April 7, seeking to cure the curse of triteness in the expression "not worth a tinker's dam," substituted "tinker's curse." Tinkers of olden times were a sober, industrious lot, little given to damning and cursing things. They repaired pots and pans, making a tinny mud clam about the hole to keep molten metal in place.

ROY E. RODDY

Philadelphia

TIME cannot go bail with Reader Roddy for the purity of tinkers' talk.—Ed.

Meeting Mr. Protestant

Sir:

Thanks for your April 7 story of Dr. Franklin Fry and his ecclesiastical machinery. I was not aware that we Lutherans are so well oiled—in spite of "Mr. Protestant's" legendary lubrications.

(THE REV.) **JAMES B. HUNTLEY**
Bethany English Lutheran Church
Cleveland

Sir:

There are quite a few of us Lutherans from within the snug, smug, mighty fortress who think you hit the nail on our theological heads.

MRS. J. M. BELLAN

St. Louis

Sir:

There are some in the U.L.C.A. who prefer Lutheranism to "Fryism" and refuse to confer upon any person a kind of implied "Mr. Protestant" or "Mr. Lutheran" though that person be known the world over. These refuse to pay homage to but one head of the church—Jesus Christ.

JOHN CAUGHMAN

Spartanburg, S.C.

Sir:

Of course, the great difference between Catholicism and Lutheranism is that one was founded by Jesus Christ, while the other was founded by Martin Luther.

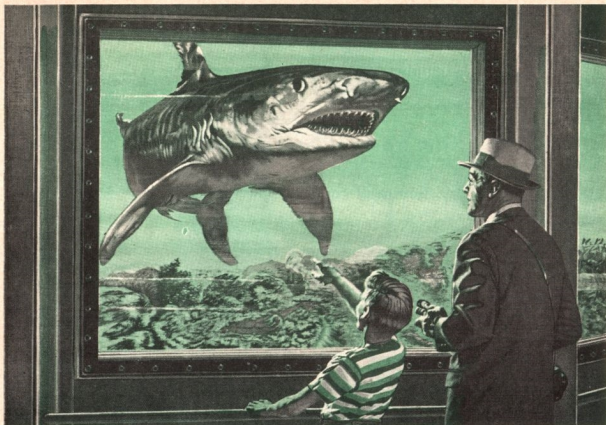
CARLO MARIA FLUMIANI
Newton Center, Mass.

Sir:

In regard to Dr. Fry's politics: I'd like to suggest him for President in '60—and sit back and watch him battle it out with Jack Kennedy.

FRANK H. REISNER

Allentown, Pa.



The strange case of the shark's teeth ...and some important facts about yours

Had Mother Nature made the same provisions for our teeth as she did for the shark's, good dental health would be no problem at all.

For when a shark loses a tooth, a new one soon grows in its place. Once we lose a tooth, however, it is gone for good.

Yet, the second set of teeth which Mother Nature gives us is strong and durable enough to last a lifetime... if given proper care. Unfortunately, too few of us give our teeth the care they need.

Proof of our neglect comes from studies made by the American Dental Association. It reports that only 40 percent of all Ameri-

cans get reasonably adequate and regular dental care.

The rest get emergency care or none. Moreover, one out of 7 adults has never been to a dentist.

There is more to be gained from regular dental care than simply keeping the teeth clean, bright and healthy. For when decay strikes, when gums become diseased, when abscesses form at the roots of teeth... a center of infection is established. From this site of infection, germs may enter the blood stream and cause disease in other parts of the body.

Even the smallest break in the enamel

can pave the way for infection in the interior of a tooth. The dentist can usually detect such trouble by X-ray examination and check it before serious damage occurs.

Healthy teeth... for children as well as adults... depend upon three things:

1. **Diet**—which should supply all the elements for good teeth, especially calcium and vitamins C and D.
2. **Cleanliness**—or proper brushing, which should be done after meals and always before retiring.
3. **Check-ups**—which should be made every six months or as often as your dentist recommends.

If you see your dentist regularly, he will get to know your individual dental requirements and how they can be met to your best advantage. If you cooperate with him, your chances will be far better to keep most of your teeth most of your life.

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Edison and a working model of a ship-to-shore wireless, 1885. The McGraw-Edison Company carries on his tradition of invention

“There’s a way to do it better—**find it**”

Thomas A. Edison

FOUND: a better way to ship a power giant—Time was when large power transformers had to be shipped in two sections or lying on one side, making installation costly and difficult. But no longer—for McGraw-Edison’s Pennsylvania Transformer Division has pioneered “contour design” transformers that can travel *upright and fully assembled*, ready to give service when they reach their destination.



FOUND: a better way to breathe among the stars—Space travel looms large in man’s future. And *Baralyme*, a product of McGraw-Edison’s Medical Gas Division, will serve tomorrow’s space ship by helping to maintain a dependable supply of breathable air. Today, this purifying re-breathing agent already is a hospital standard in operating rooms.

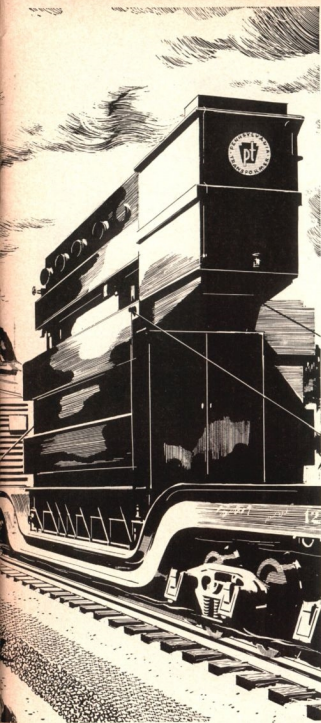


FOUND: a better way to live better through a heat wave—Only Coolerator Division’s thin, low 1958 air conditioners offer miracle *LECTROFILTER**, the electrostatic filter that captures tiny pollen and dust particles, even smoke, gives your home year-around air hygiene, and practically eliminates daily dusting problems.

In pursuit of the better way: **FOR UTILITIES**—Line Material and Pennsylvania Transformer Products • Switchgear • Fuse Cutouts and Links • Street and Airport Lighting • Insulators • Lightning Arresters • Fibre Conduit • Distribution and Power Transformers • Capacitors • Power Switching Equipment • Substation Equipment • Regulators • Construction Materials • Reclosers. **FOR INDUSTRY**—Buss, Clark, Thomas A. Edison, Griswold, Lectrodryer, Lectromelt, Pennsylvania, Toastmaster, and Tropic-Aire Products • Aircraft Fire Detection Systems • Arc Furnace, Power and Pipe Welding Transformers • Fuses • Aircraft and Industrial Instruments • Truck-Trailer Refrigeration • Industrial Batteries • Refrigeration • Atmospheric and Industrial Gas Dryers • Miners’ Safety Lamps • Melting Furnaces • Voicewriter Dictating Equipment • Medical and Industrial Gases • Commercial Cooking and Eskimo, Fostoria, Manning-Bowman, Permaline, Powerhouse, Spartan, Speed Queen, Toastmaster, Tropic-Aire, and Zero Products • Toasters • Fans • Steam and Dry Irons • Fry Pans • Waffle Bakers • Perculators • Baby Bottle Warmers • Dryers • Household Fuses • Automatic Washers • Hair Clippers • Juvenile Furniture • Air Conditioners • Water Heaters • Fibre Pipe • Space Heaters • Humidifiers • Dehumidifiers • Vibrators • Power Tools

*Registered Trademark





FOUND: a better way to start the day—B.T. (before Toastmaster*) burnt toast was a common domestic tragedy that started the day wrong for nearly everyone—and wasted a lot of bread. The pioneering of the automatic toaster by the Toastmaster Division in 1926 introduced the nation to better toastmaking habits. Today, this same inventiveness is at work in hundreds of new areas throughout the thirty divisions of McGraw-Edison.



FOUND: a better way to keep a washer happy—Give it immunity to detergents, alkalis, washing compounds! Speed Queen Division does just that by equipping its automatic washers with a stainless steel tub. Result: you always have a smooth, sparkling surface to protect your clothes, never worry about replacing the component.



FOUND: an inspiration in the words of a great inventor—The words and deeds of Thomas A. Edison have inspired millions. If you wish to own this handsome wall motto, we will gladly send it to you. Just write on your business letterhead to McGraw-Edison Company, 1200 St. Charles Road, Elgin, Illinois.

30 Divisions and Subsidiaries making dependable electric products for utilities, for industry, for the home. If you would like a copy of the Annual Report, write on your business letterhead to McGraw-Edison Company, 1200 St. Charles Road, Elgin, Illinois.

McGRAW-EDISON COMPANY





Roam the South Seas in Spring

Enjoy a thrilling yacht-like voyage to Polynesian isles and enchanting lands down-under. Matson is the way to go . . . Spring the perfect time. Weather's at its glorious best all along the route. Every 3 weeks the modern, air-conditioned **MARIPOSA** or **MONTEREY** sails from California on an adventurous course to Tahiti, New Zealand,

Australia, Fiji, Samoa and Hawaii . . . a 42-day tonic of rest, relaxation and fun. Superb cuisine, service and entertainment — all the world-famed traditions of Matson travel — add immeasurably to your enjoyment. All rooms in First Class, all with private bath. Round-trip fares from \$1035. See your Travel Agent now.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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SISLER: 1925



DIMAGGIO: 1936



FELLER: 1937



ROBINSON: 1947

A letter from the PUBLISHER

James A. Lison

For, though there are over 500 able individuals enrolled in the two leagues, there is actually only a handful for whom the grand army of snobbish rooters has eyes, for whom hats are thrown, bottles broken, hosannas raised.
—TIME, March 30, 1925

THUS TIME's first baseball cover described the elite group of athletes from which it picked George Harold Sisler, at the start of a season when weakened eyes threatened his unprecedented career. Happily, First Baseman-Manager Sisler got things into focus: he hit .345, made TIME and the St. Louis Browns look good (though he was well below his best season: .420 in 1922). Since then, TIME has run up a good country batting average raising timely monuments for baseball's heroes. Joe DiMaggio was on the cover at the start of his major-league career; Cleveland's Bob Feller had almost all his freereeling years in front of him. Jackie Robinson, Stan Musial, Mickey Mantle—and many others—were all caught when they were going good.

Now and then, TIME took a called third strike—or did not get to the plate at all. Somehow Babe Ruth never made the cover. Brooklyn Manager Leo Durocher was suspended for a year the week his cover hit the stands.

This week TIME is swinging at a fat pitch letter-high. As the season starts, there is no question that sport's big story is a front-office operator, who changed baseball into the national pastime and brought the major leagues to the West Coast, *See SPORT, Walter in Wonderland.*

TIME's story about corruption in President Garcia's Philippine administration caused an uproar in Manila last week. Pro-government newspapers denounced it in banner headlines; a copy of the issue was burned on the floor of Congress. Most denunciations centered not on the story's facts but on the propriety of printing them. Challenging anybody to deny the facts, Manila Times columnist Alejandro Rocas wrote: "Unless we take a cold sober look at ourselves, we can expect only ruin and even more critical remarks."



MUSIAL: 1949



MANTLE: 1953



CAMPANELLA: 1955



ROBERTS: 1956

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Modern defense in action:*



Nike Hercules missile blocks sneak attacks

On guard at the outskirts of all major American cities and industrial centers, missiles of the Douglas Nike family are designed to intercept and destroy attacking aircraft—despite the most vigorous evasive action.

Nike-Ajax was the Army's first supersonic anti-aircraft missile. The basic design readily lends itself to

new developments as anti-aircraft requirements change.

Nike-Ajax batteries are now being integrated with a newer Nike—the Hercules, developed through the joint cooperation of Douglas, Western Electric and Bell Telephone Laboratories. It has twice the range and speed of its predecessor. Armed with an atomic warhead, Nike-



***Defensive systems**—The deeper our circle of air defenses, the greater our chances of stopping all enemy attacks. This means fast, far-ranging interceptor aircraft backed up by highly accurate anti-aircraft missiles, such as the Douglas Nikes.

Practice firing at White Sands Proving Ground of the Army's new medium-range Nike-Hercules interceptor missile

Hercules can blast entire attacking fleets of aircraft with a single shot—without damage to surrounding terrain.

Designed primarily for the inner line of our overall air defenses, Douglas Nike missiles are radar guided from ground installations. Within seconds of the first alert, they can be off towards their target—with deadly aim.

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Propaganda Offensive

At his desk in the U.S. embassy on Tchaikovsky Street in Moscow one afternoon last week, Ambassador Llewellyn E. Thompson Jr. got a telephone message from Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko. Would 6 o'clock that evening be all right for the first preliminary talks about a summit meeting? It was, Thompson put on his coat and Homburg, got into his Cadillac, went off to confer with Gromyko. Time of conference: 35 minutes. Next day Britain's Ambassador Sir Patrick Reilly heard the telephone's ring, also got 35 minutes with Gromyko. France's Ambassador Maurice Dejean got 25 minutes.

"The purpose of these talks is to bring our views closer," said Gromyko, adding not one word of explanation for calling in the Western powers separately instead of together, as previously understood, or for kicking off good-will parleys by trying to split up the allies. "This does not constitute a start of the negotiations," said



Peter Stockpole—Life
AMBASSADOR THOMPSON
 Out of the U.S. press ...

Ambassador Thompson, but he was too diplomatic to complain.

"The Growing Madness." Next day Gromyko called in not the Western ambassadors but the world press, and before its representatives he dropped a propaganda bombshell. Gromyko charged the U.S. with sending Strategic Air Command jet bombers, loaded with nuclear bombs, "across the Arctic areas in the direction of the borders of the Soviet Union." He announced that the U.S.S.R. was submitting the charge to the U.N. Security Council as "a dangerous provocation against peace." Basis for complaint: a lurid, you-are-there style of report by United Press President Frank Bartholomew about how SAC's bombers had been launched "not once, not twice, but many times," toward "an enemy target," before recall by SAC's Fail Safe safety procedures (see next page). The story was old hat, but its timing was right for Gromyko to latch onto. Said Gromyko: "The government of the U.S.S.R. demands an immediate end to the practice."

When the down-with-SAC outcry got back to Washington, the official spokesmen chorused cold denials. Said Presidential Press Secretary James Hagerty: "Mr. Gromyko's statements are not true." Said the State Department in a formal statement: "It is categorically denied that the U.S. Air Force is conducting provocative flights." Said the spokesman for the U.S. delegation to the U.N.: "We have always been willing to discuss any charges made against us. Witness the fantastic accusations directed at us—potato bugs, germ warfare and others—all proved to be absurd and untrue."

But Gromyko's point was rather aimed—as his dealings with the Western ambassadors seemed to be—against the unity of the allies. Said Gromyko: "Reckless flights of American bombers extend the fearful shadow of atomic war to the British and the French, to the people of Western Germany, to the peoples of all countries who have been bound hand and foot by military commitments to the U.S. and who have allowed American atomic and rocket bases to be built on their territory. One must be blind not to see in our time the dangerous consequences."

The Deep Respect. At his press conference in Washington earlier in the week, Secretary of State Dulles had noted defensively that Soviet propaganda was having "a kind of field day" over Russia's unilateral suspension of nuclear tests,



Howard Sachse—Life
FOREIGN MINISTER GROMYKO
 ... a well-timed bomb.

especially in newly independent countries that "haven't had the opportunity to become mature in these matters." From British Labor Party Leader Hugh Gaitskell—"Stop the nuclear tests and start the talks"—to Canada's Tory Prime Minister John Diefenbaker—"My hope is that the free world will discontinue the tests"—many maturer folk were flipflopping too. But Gromyko's charge against SAC was too wild for credibility.

Said Britain's Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd: "I cannot imagine how they expect business to be done in this way ... to deliver a violent attack on the U.S." Said Rome's independent-center *Momento-Sera*: "Everything shows Moscow's intention is to increase international tension in order to get the maximum from a top-level meeting convoked in haste." Another key point, put to the United Press by a Western diplomat in Korea: "There is much feeling that Russia's move will actually strengthen the U.S.'s hand in Asia, because it shows previously doubtful Asians that Russia has a deep respect for U.S. striking power."

FAIL SAFE

The Safety Catch On the Deterrent

THE date was Aug. 26, 1957. The announcement from the Kremlin was heavy with meaning to the free world's defenses. The Soviet Union had test-fired its first intercontinental ballistic missile, and as days went by, Russia's Khrushchev pushed a new form of missile diplomacy, pouring it into every cocked ear at every diplomatic coop that Europe might become "a veritable cemetery," and that the U.S. was "just as vulnerable."

Poised around the U.S.S.R.'s 37,500-mile perimeter, the U.S. Air Force's Strategic Air Command, a 2,000-bomber force capable in a single sortie of hitting the U.S.S.R. with 2,000 times the total explosive power of World War II, took K.'s rocket-rattling with professional seriousness. SAC began to cut down the "reaction time" of its strike force—hundreds of bombers—from two hours to 15 minutes. This was the Air Force's best estimate of the warning SAC bases would get before an enemy missile strike (TIME, Nov. 25). If an "instant readiness" deterrent force was to be any deterrent at all, it had to be airborne before the threatening missiles could cripple it on the ground. Since then, SAC has learned how to get B-52 heavy-jet and B-47 medium-jet bombers airborne, hydrogen bombs in their bellies, within an astonishing seven minutes of alarm klaxon's howl (including two minutes for taxiing down a 10,000-ft. apron to the runway). SAC has keyed its 3,700 combat crews so tautly to what SAC Commanding General Thomas Sarsfield Power calls "the compression of time in the Atomic Age" that SAC is even designing a new type of slip-on shoe to save alert crews the few seconds spent on fumbling with shoelaces.

But perhaps the most remarkable aspect of SAC's reply to Khrushchev is that SAC has also fashioned a safety catch for its hair trigger, a crucial check upon the deterrent power, so as to rule out the minuscule but horrifying chance that World War III might explode out of one aircrew's accident or aberration or miscalculation. Name of SAC's safety catch: Fail Safe.

Fail Safe is a cold-war projection of an engineering principle used for decades in aircraft design and around dangerous machinery. The principle: if a device can fail, it must be assumed that it will fail, and it must be designed so that its failure will do minimal or no harm. Fail Safe on U.S. railroads, for example, means "the dead man's throttle." If an engineer dies at the controls, his pressure on a foot pedal or hand lever is released, and the train automatically goes into an emergency stop. Fail Safe at SAC means that SAC bomber crews, launched in an alert, do not proceed toward their preassigned target beyond a preassigned coordinate point without a coded follow-up command. Only beyond the Fail Safe point are SAC crews permitted even to arm their nuclear weapons.

The specific procedure is that whenever unidentified and unidentifiable shapes show up on U.S. radar, e.g., the \$500 million DEW line across Northern Canada and Alaska, or the ship-based radar networks in mid-Atlantic and mid-Pacific, a SAC alert is declared. In his underground command post at Offutt Air Force Base near Omaha, General Power or a deputy orders one of scores of Emergency War Plans—E.W.P.s—designed to meet every calculated contingency to be put into immediate operation. SAC flashes its orders—"PLAN BLANK"—to any or all of some 70 SAC



SAC ALERT AT WESTOVER AIR FORCE BASE

bases worldwide. At the bases the alert crews scramble and head off with a roar toward target—via a Fail Safe point that varies with every mission.

In today's kind of instant warfare, SAC will know long before the alert crews get to the Fail Safe point whether the attack upon the West is real or just a commonplace false alarm. Chances are overwhelming that the alert airplanes will be recalled long before they get to Fail Safe point.

Should they get to Fail Safe point without getting coded follow-up orders to proceed, they must automatically turn around and head home. Should they get the order to go on—e.g., "Implement Plan Red Fox Eight"—they must still check the order with base command; they must go through several cross checks on message and frequency to ensure against decoy; they must get yet another confirmatory order to proceed. In a normal tactical situation, the only man who can give the final order to attack is the President of the U.S., who relays it to General Power, who relays it to his commands. In a catastrophe situation with the President out of action, the order can be given by a complex of top officials in Washington. And even beyond Fail Safe point and all the way to bomb-drop point, the war order can be reversed and the aircraft called home. Fail Safe, says Air Force General Nathan Twining, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, is foolproof.

In actual practice—contrary to United Press President Frank Bartholomew's report* on an imaginary SAC flight that the Kremlin was waving around as the basis for its propaganda onslaught—SAC planes have never reached their Fail Safe points in an emergency scramble caused by unidentified radar blips, let alone flown beyond Fail Safe points. This is the basis of the U.S.'s denial of the U.S.S.R.'s charges. But SAC constantly scrambles on real and test alerts; so realistic are SAC scrambles that SAC crews always head out toward Fail Safe point not knowing whether their mission is for test or the real thing. And the U.S. has even put SAC alert crews into the air deliberately to reinforce U.S. diplomacy at precise pressure points, e.g., during Russia's threats of intervention in the 1956 Suez crisis, to show on Communist long-range radarscopes that the U.S. carries a thermonuclear strike big enough to last at least until the U.S.'s own big ballistic missiles are operational.

It would be a major propaganda victory indeed if Khrushchev could bamboozle the West into keeping SAC's bombers on the ground. For then Khrushchev could rattle his rockets without fear of successful contradiction.

* Sample: "Imagine that you are the commander of a B-52 jet bomber of the United States Strategic Air Command. You are in flight toward an enemy target. You are carrying thermonuclear bombs . . . Do you proceed to your target, does your bombardier press the button and does the first nuclear bomb 'go down the chimney' to start World War III? All this because one of the Strategic Air Command's vast fleet failed to receive a turn-back order? Not so. You are saved, you and many others, by a powerfully simple plan called Fail Safe. It is proof against error, human or mechanical."

THE ATOM

The Nuclear-Tests Debate

The Eisenhower Administration's sharp-eyed behind-the-scenes split on cold-war strategy broke unmistakably into public view last week. The issue: whether the U.S. ought to suspend its nuclear-weapons tests if there should be a U.S.-U.S.S.R. agreement on inspection. The battleground: Democrat Hubert Humphrey's Senate Foreign Relations Subcommittee on Disarmament. The principal contenders: on one side, H-bomb Pioneer Edward Teller and Atomic Energy Commission Chairman Lewis Strauss; on the other, Columbia University Physicist Jay Orear and the President's new disarmament adviser, Hans Bethe.

The Administration had long held fast to the Teller-Strauss fundamental that nuclear tests are necessary to preserve and improve the U.S.'s peace-by-deterrent power. Limit of U.S. concession-making to date: President Eisenhower's "package plan" of last summer offering the U.S.S.R. an inspected two-year stoppage of tests in return for inspected stoppage of nuclear-weapons production. The U.S.S.R., behind on nuclear production, rejected it.

Recently, the President's new science adviser, James Rhyne Killian Jr. of M.I.T., appointed Hans Bethe, Cornell physicist, to head up a new presidential study on disarmament. Bethe and Teller had clashed in 1949 and early 1950 on the feasibility of making a hydrogen bomb—Teller for, Bethe against. They had clashed over the security suspension of Physicist J. Robert Oppenheimer when Teller testified for the AEC and Bethe for Oppenheimer. Now Teller and Bethe were the poles of groups contending for the President's ear on an issue that might make a cold-war turning point.

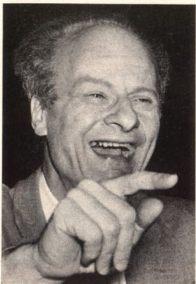
"Extremely Dangerous." Teller was the first big-name witness. Nuclear tests, especially small ones, would be very hard to detect, said he, and the only way to be sure of detection would be to get a complete "opening up of Russia." Nuclear production would be even harder to inspect because of the great possibilities for cheating, e.g., by faking plant accidents and "shutting down" inspected plants while sneak war production went on.

Teller argued beyond that that the U.S.'s massive retaliation strategy is getting "more and more unrealistic." Hence the U.S. needs new, small, clean nuclear weapons for limited wars. It needs them even more for defensive anti-missile missiles. All these weapons have to be tested to be proved. And stopping the tests, whether inspected or not, would be "an extremely dangerous thing . . . We can stay ahead only by running ahead."

The high point came when Missouri's Democratic Senator Stuart Symington asked Teller whether perhaps, in his eagerness to make new weapons, he might have got his judgment on disarmament distorted. This was a fair way of giving Teller a chance to answer in public the charges that some scientists make in private that he has lost all sense of proportion. The

crowded committee room was silent. Teller began to reply: "I chose the profession of a scientist," he said, "and I am in love with science; and I would not do willingly or eagerly anything else but pure science because it is beautiful and my interest is there. I don't like weapons. I would like to have peace. But for peace we need weapons, and I do not think my views are distorted. I believe I am contributing to a peaceful world."

Seismographic Evidence. Columbia's boyish-looking Jay Orear, 32, who has almost completed a major Columbia survey on inspection for disarmament, challenged Teller on the technicalities. "A nuclear-weapons-test ban is one of the easiest to inspect," he said, and seismographic evidence proved it. Inspecting nuclear production "is most difficult." Yet



INTERNATIONAL
PRESIDENTIAL ADVISER BETHE
New ear for an old foe.

the U.S.'s package plan tied the one to the other and made "the last step" the prerequisite for "the first step." Orear quoted widespread opinion that the whole package plan might be "a gimmick to prevent agreement." A wholly workable international inspection system, he said, could be set up "tomorrow."

AEC's Chairman Strauss was still for the package plan, the U.S.'s disarmament position "to date." But Strauss's testimony was overshadowed when, during questions, Missouri's Symington revealed the gist of Presidential Adviser Bethe's 2½ hours of testimony behind closed doors. Bethe's conclusion: 1) inspection of a ban on tests is wholly feasible, 2) agreement between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. on stopping tests is therefore feasible—and desirable. Symington paraphrased Bethe's conclusion: "He personally feels that we should go ahead with a test suspension without tying it to production."

Iceberg Peak. At week-end Hubert Humphrey, himself an advocate of inspected stop-the-tests, summed up: "We

get conflicting testimony from equally competent witnesses on both sides and even within the Administration." And best evidence was that last week's testimony was only the visible iceberg peak of a classic inner-Administration argument as the Administration attempted to set a new cold-war balance between what Secretary of State Dulles and his advisers call "ponderables," i.e., military necessities, and "imponderables," i.e., propaganda to placate "world opinion."

THE PRESIDENCY

Don't Sputnik

"So I am trying to say: let's try to be reasonable," replied Dwight Eisenhower when a reporter asked about anti-recession spending. "Let's try to use some common sense and not just get a Sputnik attitude about everything." All last week the President kept a tight grip on the rule of reasonableness, surprised staff and Congress alike by using it to administer a sharp rap across the knuckles here, a threat there, to keep politically fired recession fears from getting out of bounds.

First off, he decided that the \$1.7 billion pork-barrel rivers and harbors bill did not measure up to being reasonable, even though Congress had tried to pretend that it was an important anti-recession remedy. Among the 154 projects in the barrelful, 28 costing \$350 million looked like fat bacon. Example: one section of the bill laid out \$260,000 to be spent on the lower Potomac River near Hull Creek, Va. to build a harbor for 41 small boats and 42 skiffs. Army engineers tagged the job uneconomical; the Virginia state government, by failing to promise matching funds for half the cost, flunked what the President considers "the best test yet devised for insuring that a project is sound." So down came the veto on the whole bill, recession or no.

The other big appropriation on his desk was the \$7.2 billion highway bill. Eisenhower didn't like its dimensions very well either. He had wanted to speed up highway spending by \$2.2 billion over the next four years, but the Democrats had pumped this up to \$1.8 billion in the next fiscal year alone. Far more serious, in the President's eyes, was the fact that the bill abandoned the established principle that states should pay 50% on primary and secondary highways, provided instead that they should only pay 33%, and that the Federal Treasury should advance that. The Commerce Department had already leaked the word that the President would veto. But Senate G.O.P. Leader William Knowland and Vice President Richard Nixon warned that the bill was the best they could hope to get out of Congress this year, pointed out that the objectionable features would expire in one year. Eisenhower, trying to be reasonable about reasonableness, signed the bill into law, but added: "I would oppose any repetition of these or similar provisions in subsequent legislation."

The clear Eisenhower go-slow line involved considerable political risk. In

standing against tax cuts, in heading off dreamboat public-works projects that he thought would ultimately contribute to inflation, Ike was staking the Republican reputation in an election year on his basic faith in the U.S. economy. If he was right, the recession would come and be forgotten, and the pundits would turn happily to the next crisis. If he was wrong, the Democrats would never let the nation forget that they were its true heroes.

Last week the President also:

¶ Admitted in answer to a question about future summit talks that he "wouldn't have any brief now to file as to the accomplishments of the [1955] Geneva Conference."

¶ Dispatched former G.O.P. National Chairman Len Hall, now a New York gubernatorial hopeful, to the Brussels World's Fair as presidential representative to Host King Baudouin of the Belgians.

¶ Signed into law a bill taking U.S. admissions tax off plays and concerts by nonprofit civic groups.

¶ Cabled congratulations to Van Cliburn, 23-year-old U.S. pianist who won first prize in Moscow's International Tchaikovsky piano contest (see MUSIC).

¶ Threw out the first ball for the new baseball season and watched Washington upset Boston 5-2; played his first spring golf on both Burning Tree and Gettysburg Golf courses; hooked five trout while fishing at Camp David, Md.

THE CONGRESS

Go-Slow Roadblocks

Bracing his lanky Texas frame against his polished first-row desk, Majority Leader Lyndon Baines Johnson early one evening last week delivered his latest plea for nonpartisanship in the U.S. Senate. He had a good partisan reason. Far from indulging in nonpartisanship as Lyndon likes it, Republican Senators were heightening their resistance to pell-mell Democratic anti-recession spending.

Back from a recess that revealed most constituents calm and cautious (TIME, April 14), buoyed by the President's stinging vetoes and preachments against panic, the G.O.P., with the session's tightest discipline, was earnestly tossing roadblocks into the path of the freewheeling Democratic majority.

Idle Gestures. The week's first roadblock loomed up when Johnson cast around for the two-thirds Senate vote needed to override the White House vetoes of 1) the bill to freeze farm price supports at 1957 levels and 2) the lard-heavy rivers-and-harbors authorization. He soon counted too many Republican noses. "I don't believe in idle gestures," said he, and gracefully helped the farm bill along to an agriculture committee that will probably let it mellow for the rest of the session. The pork-barrel bill went to the Public Works Committee for a word-for-word review that might skim off the lard that Ike rejected.

A second roadblock was thrown up during the maneuvering over Arkansas Dem-

ocrat J. William Fulbright's Community Facilities Bill to provide long-term (50 years) public-works loans to small cities with low credit ratings. Fortnight ago, Republicans on Fulbright's Banking and Currency Committee (joined by Democrats Paul Douglas of Illinois, Allen Frear Jr. of Delaware and Willis Robertson of Virginia) trimmed the bill's total from \$2 billion to \$1 billion, upped the proposed interest rate from 3% to 3½%.

When the bill was called on the Senate floor last week, Fulbright doggedly introduced a 3% interest amendment. But Republicans pulled him up short a second time. They argued that the lower interest rate was a short-term rate unsuitable to long-term loans, defeated the amendment



NEW JERSEY'S CASE
Senators ought to understand.

(41-40) in a straight party vote. But when the bill had been shaped to suit them, 20 Republicans shifted, helped pass (60-26) and send to the House the measure making loans available for small-town schools, hospitals, sewers, parks and recreational facilities.

Odd Base. During the debate over the interest rate, Bill Fulbright took off onto a new and unusual line of advocacy. Arguing for his 3% interest, he ticked off foreign nations that have fared as well or better with U.S. loans: "Afghanistan pays 3% on its mutual-security-program loan. Burma paid 2½ on an overseas surplus property loan. Nationalist China under the mutual-security program has been paying 3%." Cried he: "It is beyond my understanding why grants to that extent and loans for economic development in the amount of more than \$41 million can be extended at 3%, and yet objection is made so strenuously to the 3% provided in the bill."

Rhodes Scholar Fulbright, who prides himself on his knowledge of foreign aid problems, well knew that a low-rate foreign loan or grant usually has security

or political implications that play no part in U.S. domestic affairs. Snapped New Jersey Republican Clifford Case: "If it is impossible for the people of the U.S. to understand the reason for loans at lower interest rates to foreign countries . . . then indeed the security of the U.S. is at a low ebb."

Fulbright's oddly based belligerence had an echo from another hard-pressed Democrat, Minnesota's Hubert Humphrey, who also soundly prides himself on understanding the national need behind foreign aid. "If the Administration insists on turning down the legislative enactments of the Congress," he said, "then the Administration can note in its executive notebook that mutual security and reciprocal trade are going to be in trouble."

How the Democrats Want It

Before the House Ways and Means Committee last week was a sensemaking Administration proposal to make immediately available to the states an estimated \$587 million for extending the unemployment compensation of eligible unemployed whose state payments had run out. The bill would cover expirations during the 15-month period from last Jan. 1 to March 31, 1959. It would extend compensation 50% longer than the maximum time allowed by state law, ranging (depending on the states) from eight to 15 weeks. It would advance to the states the necessary funds but require that the money eventually be paid back to the Federal Treasury.

Then, out of the pocket of Rhode Island Democrat Aime Forand came another proposal hastily whipped up by his fellow Democrats on the committee. The new draft served as a practical demonstration of the poles-apart recession philosophies of the Eisenhower Administration and many congressional Democrats. The Democratic proposal extended the expiration period to 24 months, beginning last June, when the recession was a pup. It provided a flat 16 weeks of federal payments, regardless of state compensation laws. It specified that the states need not repay the Federal Government. And to it, committee Democrats added a special fancy flourish: eligibility would be extended beyond the 3,400,000 workers now covered to include 900,000 seasonal workers, fishermen, government employees and the like who do not qualify for compensation under present regulations. Total estimated cost in unrecoverable funds: \$1.5 billion to \$2 billion.

Committee Republicans were agast. Wisconsin's John Byrnes, with considerable accuracy, called the program a "new dole" which "goes far beyond the wildest dreams of the New Deal and Fair Deal." New York's old Dan Reed granted that it was "panicky political irresponsibility." But on a key vote—whether to include the additional 900,000 unemployed—the Republicans lost to the committee majority, 14-7. In losing, however, they had solace. If the bill's final draft clears the Ways and Means Committee on schedule this week, it will face heavy opposition on

the House floor. And in the Senate there will be the Finance Committee, where presides sharp-eyed, penny-conscious Democrat Harry Flood Byrd, a man with plenty of power and a longstanding aversion to pies in the sky.

THE BUDGET

Deficits Ahead

The Eisenhower Administration pointed with pride to its original 1958 budget as the third black-ink budget in a row. Then came the Russian Sputniks, signaling the dawn of the space age and stepped-up defense spending. And then came the full force of the recession.

Last week Treasury Secretary Robert B. Anderson told of the red-ink results—which spelled out in big figures why the Administration has resisted a deficit-increasing tax cut. Instead of a \$1.8 billion surplus for fiscal 1958, ending June 30, the Federal Government will run up a deficit of more than \$3 billion as it is. Total federal spending will be up from the estimated \$71.8 billion to "well over" \$73 billion. And revenues will be down from \$73.6 billion to about \$70 billion.

An even gaudier splash of red lies ahead for fiscal 1959 (TIME, March 24). Only three months ago, President Eisenhower, hopeful that the economy would soon perk up, predicted a skinny 1959 surplus of \$500 million. But January's estimates are already obsolete. Anderson reported that the spending estimate has jumped \$4 billion from programs already in the works, to a peacetime peak of \$78 billion.

And, in what may have been the understatement of the week, Anderson saw a "likelihood" that 1959 income would fall short of January estimates. Privately, Treasury officials consider a shortfall inevitable, guesstimate it at \$4 billion or more. Net result: a 1959 deficit of perhaps \$8 billion.



Associated Press

CONGRESSMAN VINSON

"Wha'd'ya say yer name wuz, Gen'ral?"



International

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER AT A.S.N.E. LUNCHEON*
"Billions for defense; not one cent for heedless waste."

DEFENSE

Floodgates Opened

Sending his Pentagon reorganization legislation to Congress last week, President Eisenhower opened the floodgates on the great debate and waited. He did not have long to wait for a Niagara from the man who has long rained over military matters in Congress: Georgia's seasoned, sharp-tongued Democrat Carl Vinson, 74, member of the House for 43 years, chairman of the old House Naval Affairs Committee for 16 years, and unchallenged czar of the Armed Services Committee for seven of the eleven years of its life.

Some folks dare to call Vinson "Uncle Carl," and sometimes "The Swamp Fox," after the Revolution's great strategist, Francis Marion. In committee hearings Uncle Carl's slow drawl and subtle digs ("Wha'd'ya say yer name wuz, Gen'ral?") can shake stars and tangle braid. Though he has long been a stalwart defender of a big Navy, knowledgeable Carl Vinson is also a wise, powerful force for a strong military establishment. But Ike's plan was too much for Uncle Carl.

Open Invitation. "If ever there was an open invitation to the concept of the 'man on horseback,' this proposal is it," he intoned. The President, he declared, was trying to set up "a Prussian-type supreme command" that would eliminate military responsibilities of the service Secretaries, grant too great flexibility to the Defense Secretary in spending congressional appropriations—in effect, shut out Congress' watchful eye. "I know of no concept more dangerous."

Unity, Unity, Unity. The President was ready for the debate with his first public speech in behalf of his program. Before the American Society of Newspaper Editors in Washington, Ike knocked down each of Carl Vinson's objections without mentioning the objector. "The

purpose is clear," he said. "It is safety with solvency. The country is entitled to both." His double-barreled theme: "billions for defense; not one cent for heedless waste" and "unity—unity in strategic planning, unity in military command, unity in our fighting forces in combat units."

Most criticism of the program, predicted Ike, will come not from the military but from "outside sources," obviously meaning the Navy League and service-oriented industries. "It will be said that the changes . . . will merge our traditional forces into a single armed service. This is not so . . . I repeat—there will be:

- "No single Chief of Staff;
- "No Prussian staff;
- "No czar;
- "No \$40 billion blank check;
- "No swallowing up of the traditional services;
- "No undermining of the constitutional powers of Congress."

Better Squeeze. Ike did sidestep one aspect of the plan that has a riptide potential. The fiscal flexibility that he wants for the Defense Secretary, enabling the Secretary to shift as much as 10% of the total defense budget within and among the services, is one of Congressman Vinson's chief targets. The President carefully avoided mentioning this in his legislative proposal, instead announced that he will ask for such flexibility on behalf of the Defense Secretary in his next budget (fiscal 1960). He is confident that his program has a better chance of squeezing through a Congress that has proprietary sentiments about purse strings.

Nonetheless, the President has a long upstream battle ahead, and with such opponents as The Swamp Fox to contend with, Ike's strategists are going to have to think—or swim for the high ground.

* With A.S.N.E. President Virginia Dabney of the Richmond Times-Dispatch.

SEQUELS

Wisdom Disowned

A certain amount of unemployment, say from 3,000,000 to 5,000,000, is supportable. It is a good thing that job-seeking should go on at all times; this is healthy for the economic body.

This pronouncement by then-President Harry Truman was tossed off in a tradition-breaking exclusive interview that he gave New York Timesman Arthur Krock during the 1949-50 recession, and it had some cool-eyed economic truth in it. But last week, with the economy in a Republican recession (mid-March unemployment: 5,198,000), politically touchy Harry Truman publicly disowned his rare bit of economic wisdom.

Truman was appearing before the House Banking and Currency Committee to prescribe a damn-the-deficits recession cure: a \$5 billion tax cut, plus plenty of extra federal spending. Iowa's Republican Representative Henry O. Talle reminded him of the 1950 remark on unemployment. Snapped Harry Truman: "That exclusive interview never happened. It came out of the air."

In the *Times* next day, Newsman Krock, 71, told his side of the story: the 1950 interview was submitted to the White House before publication, and Truman's press secretary assured Krock that the President had pronounced the text "accurate in every detail." Furthermore, at his press conference shortly after the interview ran in the *Times*, Truman had tartly defended a President's right to give an exclusive interview if he felt like it. The committee's Democrats tried to block a Republican attempt to get Krock's reply in the record.

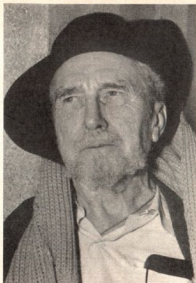
Cooled off by week's end, Truman admitted, after all, that the exclusive interview did indeed take place, wrote explanatory letters to Newsman Krock and Banking and Currency Committee Chairman Brent Spence.

Poetic Justice

*For this agility chance found
Him of all men, unfit
As the red-beaked steeds of
The Cytheraea for a chain and bit.
—Ezra Pound, The Age Demanded*

Accompanying a motion to dismiss treason charges against Ezra Pound had come an impassioned plea from a fellow poet. Wrote Robert Frost: "I feel authorized to speak very specially for my friends, Archibald MacLeish, Ernest Hemingway and T. S. Eliot. None of us can bear the disgrace of letting Ezra Pound come to an end where he is."

Last week, his flaming red beard turned white after twelve years' confinement in a District of Columbia mental hospital, 72-year-old Poet Ezra Pound heard himself adjudged incurably insane, but harmless enough to go free. So ruling on the motion, which had the consent of the U.S. Attorney General, Judge Bolitha J. Laws of the Federal District Court in Washing-



POET POUND
Freedom for the warped.

ton dismissed the U.S. indictment voted against Pound for his pro-Fascist, anti-Semitic broadcasts in Italy on behalf of Mussolini during World War II and freed the arrogant, warped old man to spend the rest of his senescence in Italy.

CRIME

"These Marauding Savages"

In a Manhattan courtroom, an all-male blue-ribbon jury studiously listened to the story of a thoroughly senseless murder. Seven boys, 15 to 19, were on trial for the gang killing of polio-crippled, 15-year-old Michael Farmer in a Washington Heights park in upper Manhattan last summer (*TIME*, Aug. 12). Developed by



KILLER ALVAREZ
Grins for the Dragons.

the prosecution and no fewer than 27 court-appointed defense lawyers, the story unfolded slowly: the gang, called the Egyptian Dragons, had armed themselves with knives, a machete, a heavy dog chain, sticks, pipes and garrison belts, slipped into the park looking for members of a rival gang. They found no rivals; only the Farmer boy and a friend. Neither belonged to any gang. Unable to defend himself, Michael Farmer fell under stabs, kicks, stomps and blows.

There were 18 Egyptian Dragons in all, Negroes and whites. Eleven, aged 13 and 14, were shipped off to a reformatory as juvenile delinquents. The remaining seven, all of whom signed confessions, quietly waited out their trial. Some of them changed their stories ("I didn't see nobody do nothin'"), protested that they had been beaten into confessions by the police. Last week, after 24 hours of discussion, the jury wound up the city's longest murder trial (14 weeks, 6,000 pages of testimony). Verdict: three defendants were acquitted; two were convicted of murder in the second degree (sentence: 20 years to life), two of manslaughter in the second degree (maximum penalty: 15 years). The guilty four:

Louis Alvarez, 17, born in Puerto Rico, arrived in the U.S. at the age of four; three years later his mother died. He was captain of a baseball team, member of the Police Athletic League. Assistant president of the Egyptian Dragons, he shouldered out the president, made himself boss. On the night of the murder, he confessed, he had steeled his courage by getting drunk on cheap wine. He used a knife.

Charles Horton (nickname: Big Man), 18, husky (6 ft. 2 in., 170 lbs.), Alabama Negro, picked cotton 14 hours a day when he was seven, went to New York at 15 to live with his mother, whom he had seen previously only once a year. He confessed that he played his role "to show the others I was doing something." He swung the machete.

Leroy Birch (nickname: Magician), 19, Negro, came from a broken home, lived with grandparents. Acknowledged as "counselor" for the younger boys, he advised the gang on strategy, denied participating in the murder.

Leoncio DeLeon (nickname: Jello), 17, born in the Dominican Republic, arrived in the U.S. alone in 1952, quit school to help support his mother, has not seen his father in six years. He used a stick.

Two who felt that the jury was too merciful to all seven were Michael Farmer's parents. Said City Fireman Raymond Farmer: "It's a sign to juvenile delinquents that they can get away with murder—a green light for them to do anything. My wife and I are not brutal. We don't demand an eye for an eye. But I thought possibly Michael's death wouldn't be in vain. Now he's a lost cause, an absolutely wasted life. These marauding savages have made a laughingstock of the law. I can just see the grins and the hahaha's in the neighborhood where the Egyptian Dragons live."

NEW JERSEY

Meyner's Wand

New Jersey's Governor Robert Baume Meyner knows that a presidential prospect can look like Cinderella, but he must also have a sure touch with the fairy god-mother's political wand. Bob Meyner was Cinderella last November; he swept to a second term at Trenton with the highest vote total (1,000,000) ever registered by a New Jersey Democrat (TIME, Nov. 18). And last week his political wand struck sparks. Winner in a tight battle for the Democratic nomination for U.S. Senator: hand-picked, hand-pushed Meyner Candidate Harrison A. Williams Jr., 38.

Angry Rival. "Pete" Williams' margin was narrow, but it left no doubt that Meyner is now in command of the Jersey Democrats. At the beginning of the campaign, Williams, a personable, articulate Oberlin and Columbia law graduate who was twice elected to Congress from normally Republican Union County, was a vote-drawing favorite. Then dissident Democrats in boss-ridden Hudson County broke with Meyner over patronage. Against Williams they put up John J. Grogan, 44, mayor of Hoboken and president of the Shipbuilders Union. Williams' hopes were dimmed further when New Jersey's unmerged A.F.L. and C.I.O., angry at Meyner for not accepting a labor plan for extending unemployment compensation, gave Grogan an unprecedented primary endorsement. On election night Meyner-Leaguer Williams was practically written off as solid, stolid John Grogan roared out of early-reporting Hudson County with an unexpected 72,000-vote plurality. Then the Meyner magic began to show itself. A swollen Democratic primary turnout (350,000) helped Williams carry 18 of the remaining 20 counties with sizable pluralities. Outside Hudson, labor's endorsement went sour; e.g., Williams carried heavily unionized Passaic County



KEAN & FAMILY®
Without much pain.

7-1. Williams finally edged Grogan by a slim 15,000 votes, but he was the first Democrat in modern New Jersey history to lose Hudson and win an election.

Few Enemies. In November, Williams will be up against ten-term Congressman Robert Winthrop Kean (rhymes with pane), 64, the Republican winner. On the strength of a 40,000-vote plurality in Essex and Union Counties, Kean won by 24,000 votes over President Eisenhower's onetime appointments secretary, Bernard Shanley, who had strong G.O.P. machine endorsement. Trailing as a poor third: sometime (on and off between 1951 and 1958) Senate Internal Security Subcommittee Counsel Robert Morris, vehement anti-Communist and G.O.P. right-winger.

Republican Kean is favored in the general election despite Democratic tides and anti-Republican recession rumbles. During 20 years in Congress, he has made few New Jersey enemies, won friends in both business and labor as a liberal but cautious tax expert, social security advocate and fighter for such Administration measures as reciprocal trade and foreign aid. Meyner Man Williams, nominated without Hudson County in the primary, needs a whopping Democratic vote from Hudson County to overcome a G.O.P. opponent in nominally Republican New Jersey. But Pete Williams' hopes are high, since he knows the unexpected power of the wizardly wand of Meyner.

CALIFORNIA

Big Bill in the Ring

In San Francisco's olden days, it was great sport to watch five or six blindfolded boxers climb into the ring and flail for all they were worth. In California last week, a similar sport was engaging the interest of fun-loving Democrats: the Republicans were flailing away at each other, and if they were not blindfolded, they at

least seemed blind to the possibility that they were courting wholesale knockout.

There was Big Bill Knowland, U.S. Senate minority leader, campaigning in the gubernatorial Republican primaries, whacking away in behalf of a right-to-work law. There was G.O.P. Governor Goodwin J. Knight, campaigning for Knowland's Senate seat, and counting heavily on his friends in Labor. There was San Francisco's Republican Mayor George Christopher, Knight's rival for the Senate nomination, swinging blindly away at Goodie, striking only at the soft underbelly of party unity. And there were a score or so of other Republican lesser office seekers who were doing their damndest to convince the electorate that, Bill Knowland notwithstanding, they are for Bill Knowland but against right-to-work.

Big Bill was not about to back down, although he is fully aware of the havoc around him. Only recently, when he offered to help fellow Republicans by campaigning for them in their districts, there was an embarrassing silence. And then, only last week, Knowland nervily turned up in Fresno to talk to the state C.I.O. convention on Political Education. Three hundred and fifty delegates sat on their hands as Big Bill earnestly offered the information that 1) he is not unfriendly to labor, and 2) he will do his best to further right-to-work laws for the benefit of what he calls "union democracy," a state defined by labor leaders as something akin to union-busting.

"I'd give anything," sighed one top Republican leader last week, "if Bill had not picked up that right-to-work issue. President Eisenhower, Dick Nixon and Secretary of Labor Mitchell have all indicated varying degrees of disapproval of right-to-work laws, but we can't publicize that at



WILLIAMS & STEPDAUGHTER NANCY
With plenty of help.

* Mrs. Kean, Kean, and (from left) sons Thomas, Hamilton, Robert Jr.

the same time we are trying to promote a candidate for governor who takes the opposite position. It's a dilemma."

As for Goodie Knight—the story was that the only thing Goodie has to fear is an endorsement from Fellow Republican Knowland.

ARMED FORCES

Changing of the Guard

Encamped in the Corral Room of the Hotel Westward Ho in Phoenix, Ariz., the National Guard Adjutants General Association heard some frilly Pentagonese. "The lightning strokes of any future war will never again permit us to linger on the soft pillow of time," said Secretary of the Army Wilber Marion Brucker. Then, explaining the need for a fast National Guard switchover from armory to atomic warfare, Brucker ticked off the proposed changes in the Guard: a paring-down of the present 27 combat divisions (21 infantry, six armored) to 21 streamlined pentomic divisions (15 infantry, six armored) and a 25% cut in the battalion and company-sized units. In all, the so-called "pay-drill" size of the Guard would be reduced from 400,000 to 300,000 men, and the budget sliced by some \$52 million.

As a Guardsman (1915-19) and governor (Michigan, 1931-32), Secretary Brucker well knew that he was tossing around one of the most politically explosive bombs in the land; the Guard has powerful influence in state capitals and in Washington. Soothingly he assured the adjutants general that the trimming-down, as well as the anticipated 10% cut in U.S. Army Reserves, would require no discharging of trained men. It could be handled painlessly, he promised, through attrition.

Despite the Secretary's soft sell, the A.G.s quickly passed a whole slew of state resolutions praising the planned modernization of their forces, but condemning any cuts in troop strength. "The Department of the Army," said one, "are bent on the destruction of the National Guard simply because they do not control the organization in time of peace." On their side was the House Armed Services Subcommittee, which had already voted unanimously for no change in the size of the Guard.* The A.G.s could also count on some covering fire from the Governors' Conference when it bivouacs in Miami next month. But if the Defense Department had the stomach for a real show-down, it could still block the funds for any Guard units it considers surplus.

OPINION

Now Hear This, You People

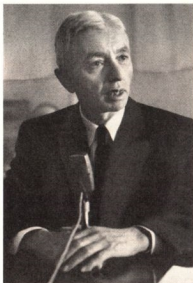
Rear Admiral Hyman G. Rickover, 58, wispy (5 ft. 7 in., 130 lbs.), single-minded godfather of the atomic submarine, speaks only one language: plain English, spiced with pepper. Last week he

flouted Navy customs by showing up in civvies before the House Select Committee on Astronautics and Space Exploration, flouted congressional etiquette by unleashing peppercorn potshots that had even his hosts ducking for cover.

Pity for the Mind. First came his blunt reasons why he thinks that the Administration's new space program ought to be directed by a civilian agency. "The Defense department is already too large," said he, "and if you let it grow on as it is, it soon will be controlling the country."

As for the idea that the U.S. ought to spend its time and money in a space race with Russia—that, to Rickover's mind, is so much hot air. "The most pressing problem" is education.

"If you people weren't concerned about political implications, instead of organizing a committee of this type," he said,



Walter Bennett

ADMIRAL RICKOVER
Telling everyone what's wrong.

"you'd probably have a committee investigate what goes on in education today. You people set up laws on what is to go in people's mouths, but you won't even set up recommendations on what goes into their minds." A survey of European educational methods would cost about \$50,000, and, he added with a touch of acid, "I know you people don't fool around with peanuts like that."

The Admiral was taking nonsense from nobody—not even Massachusetts' Democrat John W. McCormack, chairman of the committee, who made the mistake of observing that one of his subcommittees once recommended that there should be more stability in the technical services of the military establishment. Back came Rickover: "I indict you. You wrote a report and then did nothing to put it into effect."

Pity for Weeding. Annapolisman Rickover had still more in his sea bag, and he unloaded it later in an address on getting an honorary degree of doctor of engi-

neering at Brooklyn's Polytechnic Institute. The blast: "We waste the best years of our children in the name of democracy and of the sacred comprehensive school. The careful manner with which European authorities find the proper schooling for each child's gifts is criticized here as cruel and undemocratic. Weeding out by examinations arouses pity and horror."

"Most Americans seem to regard education as a commodity or service which anybody ought to get, simply by paying tuition or by having the cost of education met through taxes. A school system that insists on the same instruction for the talented, average, and below-average child may prevent as many children from growing intellectually as would a system that excludes children because of social, political or economic status of parents. Neither system is democratic."

Along with the silver-haired admiral's blunt words last week came quiet word from the Pentagon that Hyman Rickover, passed over twice (1951 and 1952) for rear admiral on the promotion lists because of his plain English opinions, will soon be marked down for a vice admiral's third star.

THE LAW

Man's Worth

In Oklahoma's Creek County Superior Court last week, a jury of seven women and five men awarded \$650,000* in damages, to be paid by the Missouri-Kansas-Texas Railroad, to onetime Glass Plant Worker John R. Edwards, 55. In March 1956 a Katy train plowed into the Edwards family Chevrolet at a crossing in Tulsa. There were no warning signals. The engineer blew no whistle, was traveling 35 m.p.h. in a 25 m.p.h. zone, Edwards suffered a broken ankle, ribs and jaw plus a severe brain injury that brought on mental degeneration with slippacks at times to the mentality of a small child. His wife had her neck, right hip, both legs, both knees broken. His daughter, an American Airlines hostess, suffered a crushed breast bone, broken ankle, developed a blood clot. In March Mrs. Edwards got a \$175,000 damages award.

The \$650,000 Edwards verdict was the highest ever made in the U.S. in a personal-injury suit arising from an accident, and the most spectacular sign yet of the new U.S. trend toward higher and higher personal-liability awards. The trend worries jurists and horrifies insurance companies, but impresses a heady new breed of trial lawyers as what one of them calls "a healthy condition—we're beginning to realize the worth of a human life." Caught in the legal arena in which juries are inclined to be hard on big corporations, the Katy railroad filed notice of appeal to the Oklahoma Supreme Court against Mrs. Edwards' \$175,000 award, and this week will file motion for a new trial, hoping to set aside or cut down John Edwards' \$650,000.

* Which, like most court judgments in personal-injury cases, is tax-free.

* The 1957 expenditures for the Army National Guard: \$330,253,000; for the Air National Guard: \$249,145,650.

FOREIGN NEWS

FRANCE

The Guillotine Falls

For 3½ harrowing years, out of deference to an old ally, the U.S. has been playing along with the increasingly absurd legal fiction that revolt-torn Algeria is just another French province, like Normandy or Brittany. Last week the U.S. finally dropped a strong hint that it was not prepared to play make-believe with France much longer.

The hint came amidst another one of those periodic paroxysms of French politics, in which Félix Gaillard, France's 24th Premier since the war, was driven from office in a flurry of anti-American cries. What brought him down was an irresponsible coalition—Communists who demand peace in Algeria combined with right-wingers who want the war fought harder. Once again the French Assembly voted to evade truths and postpone consequences. Once again France was left with an administration but no government, a condition which seems to suit the national reluctance for hard decisions, so long as the trains run, the grapes ripen, prices creep up, prosperity reflects a 10% annual increase in production, and parliamentary government is allowed to discredit itself.

Weapon at Hand. In the National Assembly, Félix Gaillard slowly ran his eyes over the implacable faces of his fellow Deputies. "I trust," he said icily, "that no one in this house will be so cowardly as to abstain on an issue so important." No one did. As the great, gilt clock high on the Assembly wall showed 12:30 a.m., the guillotine fell on Gaillard. He had lasted five months and ten days, but he had not been in control of events since French planes from Algeria bombed the Tunisian village of Sakiet-Sidi-Youssef (TIME, Feb. 17). Gaillard had not been told in advance of the raid but had refused to reprimand the ministers responsible. At first grateful for the Anglo-American good offices mission which sought to restore harmony between France and Tunisia, Gaillard later was willing to let it fail—until brought up short by a private "friendly letter" from Dwight Eisenhower. When Gaillard then reversed himself (TIME, April 21), he gave France's right-wingers the very weapon they had been waiting for. Blazing with rhetorical fury at U.S. "interference" in French affairs (see below), the National Assembly last week threw Félix Gaillard out of office by a vote of 321 to 255.

Strange Weakness. To Gaillard, as to every other realistic Frenchman, it is painfully obvious that the real cause of France's troubles is not U.S. interference, but the Assembly's determination to avoid a compromise settlement in Algeria. In his last speech as Premier, Gaillard came closer than ever before to stating this publicly. "It is a strange weakness," said he, "which imputes the causes of our perils and misfortunes to foreigners." Later, when

the ballots had been counted and he was leaving the Assembly to tender his resignation to President René Coty, a striking blonde buttonholed Gaillard to tell him how much she had been moved by his eloquence. Said Gaillard lightly: "I hope, dear lady, I didn't make you cry."

Damnation. The prospect of evoking anti-Americanism in France had long deterred the U.S. from taking a clear-cut stand for negotiation with the Algerian rebels. Now that the U.S. was being damned for the thought, it might as well be damned for the deed. There were, in fact, compelling reasons to act. With the fall of the Gaillard government the Murphy-Beeley good offices mission went into



PRESIDENT COTY
Evading truths and consequences.

a state of "suspension" from which it may well never emerge. In Tunis dynamic little Habib Bourguiba announced that, "out of courtesy" to France's 76-year-old President Coty, he was prepared to wait one week for France to find a new government. After that, he would go back to the U.N. Security Council with Tunisia's complaint over the bombing of Sakiet. If Bourguiba makes good on his warning, the result is likely to be a rich propaganda harvest for Russia, a weakening of Western influence in North Africa.

Within 48 hours of Gaillard's fall, a "top diplomatic source"—whom Frenchmen unanimously took to be Good Officer Robert Murphy, the U.S. Deputy Under Secretary of State—said that the U.S. had decided it must now give top priority to keeping North Africa loyal to the free world, and that to achieve this, it might be necessary for the French government to enter into direct negotiations with the Algerian rebels. Next day, in response to anguished outcries from French Foreign

Minister Christian Pineau, the State Department, after the immemorial manner of diplomacy, blandly denied that there had been any change in U.S. policy on Algeria. But even in the denying, Washington emphasized U.S. anxiety for "a peaceful, democratic and just solution" to the Algerian war.

Government by Martyr. The new U.S. determination to jockey France toward a North African settlement considerably complicated President Coty's task of finding a man willing and able to step into Gaillard's shoes. Yet there were signs that for all the outcry, the U.S. pressure was causing some Frenchmen to reflect, along with *Paris Presse*, that "it is not possible for France to carry on its policy in Algeria without the U.S." Given the growth of this mood, there was one ray of hope: France's last two Premiers adopted and put into effect the very policies which led to the defeat of their predecessors; it is possible, therefore, that Gaillard's successor will be allowed to push through the policy which caused Gaillard's fall. "If that happens," suggested one British observer, "France will have found a handy new formula for progress—government by martyr."

The Wrecker

In its classic form, the fall of a French Premier closely resembles a bullfight. First, the picadors and *banderilleros* harry the victim with light but painful barbs, until his chest is heaving and his flanks are blood-flecked. Then the matador steps forth in solitary grandeur, executes his breathtaking passes and finally plunges his sword in for the kill.

Last week, when it came his turn to face the *corrida*, Félix Gaillard got the full treatment. To his plaintive declaration that if France will not trust its allies "we are before a crisis of extreme gravity," Conservative Deputy Raymond Triboulet jeeringly retorted: "You're not before one, you're in one." At Gaillard's protestations of U.S. solidarity with France, Jean-Marie Le Pen, a right-wing tough elected as a Poujadist, interrupted: "Of the two dangers that menace the independence of France—Bolshevik Russia and the United States—the latter is by far the worse." Then the *banderilleros* retired, and Gaillard found himself face to face with burly Gaullist Jacques Soustelle, the man whom Frenchmen have come to call Jacques *le tombeur*—Jacques the Cabinet-wrecker.

Rattles & Fairy Tales. With an assurance born of experience—it was he who only six months ago led the attack that toppled Gaillard's predecessor, Maurice Bourges-Maunoury—Soustelle began by labeling Gaillard a "puppet" of the U.S. "If French policy is made in Washington," said Soustelle, "did you call the Assembly back here to play with baby rattles? A week ago you said the good offices mission was at an impasse. What



JACQUES SOUSTELLE
The thrust of a matador.

caused you to change your mind? Only one new fact: the letter from Eisenhower."

"Pure fairy tale," snapped Gaillard.

Mercilessly, Soustelle persisted: "You yielded to foreign pressure."

Paling in rage, Gaillard smashed his fist down on his desk with a bang that sent papers flying: "I repeat. It is not true. I am overwhelmed that a man of your quality uses arguments of this nature."

"Synthetic indignation will get you nowhere," giped Soustelle. Then, coldly, he delivered the fatal thrust: "In voting for you today, we would place France in danger. That is why we refuse to follow you."

The Aztec. A beetle-browed 200-pounder whose suits seem a size too small, 46-year-old Jacques Soustelle is well suited for his wrecker's work; he looks like an able-bodied warehouseman who has unaccountably wandered into the National Assembly from Les Halles markets. In reality, he is a coldly brilliant scholar who graduated from Paris' famed Ecole Normale Supérieure at 20, won fame as an anthropologist by a series of notable books on the Incas and Aztecs. Soustelle's travels in Latin America with his Tunis-born wife—also an anthropologist—won him the youthful nickname of Jacques l'Aztec; they also convinced him of the justice of South American outcries about U.S. "dollar imperialism," gave birth to the anti-Americanism that has been the one consistent theme of his political career.

First step in the transformation of "Jacques the Aztec" into "Jacques the wrecker" came when Soustelle joined De Gaulle's forces during World War II, wound up, despite a record of devotion to left-wing causes, as chief of the Free French secret service. The second step came three years ago when then-Premier Pierre Mendès-France named him Governor General of Algeria.

Regarded surprisingly as a left-winger, Soustelle took up the job determined

to work toward equal rights for Algeria's Moslems, clung to his liberal policy until August 1955, when a group of Algerian rebels, in a sudden uprising, murdered and mutilated scores of French civilians at the mining town of El Alia. Sickened by the carnage at El Alia, Soustelle thereafter devoted himself single-mindedly to the military destruction of Algeria's National Liberation Front. His work so endeared him to the French population of Algiers that when he was removed as Governor General (by Socialist Premier Guy Mollet), 50,000 *colons* rioted in protest, did their best to keep him from getting to the ship that was to take him to France. "I was carried away," he said, "like a straw by the human flood. One hundred thousand voices cried in unison: Don't go, don't go. Nothing can give an idea of the force of the crowd... Over it seemed to drift a burning elemental collective soul."

Thunder on the Right. Back in Paris, still savoring this heady and mystical experience, Soustelle founded the Union for the Salvation and Rebirth of French Algeria, a lavishly financed "nonparty" organization, which surrounds him with private bodyguards, and which appeals to the thousands of embittered Frenchmen who have left North Africa to settle in less luxurious circumstances in France and are a volatile new element in the French electorate. Today, though he heads the 15-man Gaullist remnant in the National Assembly, and regularly calls for De Gaulle's return to power, Soustelle can scarcely claim to speak for De Gaulle; the two men have seen each other only once in the past several months. What Soustelle does speak for is the uncompromising imperialism of the French "ultras" in Algeria and the blind xenophobia that has seized the whole French right wing. Given power, he would probably try to lead France out of NATO into neutralism, abridge French civil liberties in order to crack down on what he calls the domestic "traitors and defeatists" who doubt the wisdom of the Algerian war.

Fearful and distrusted by France's Socialists and Catholic moderates, tough Jacques Soustelle has little hope of winning by parliamentary means the power he craves. But last week during his assault on Gaillard, Soustelle thundered: "Neither you nor I have a monopoly on patriotism. But I have my conscience. I also have the confidence of brave men in France and across the Mediterranean." For a moment the Deputies sat in silence, stunned by the Cabinet-wrecker's implicit boast that it might be within his power to topple the Fourth Republic itself. From the benches on the extreme right of the Assembly came a crash of applause.

The Insider

In their frustrating and interminable war in Algeria, where cruelty answers cruelty, and heroism has its ugly necessities, the French have found one continuing source of solace: the dramatic exploits of a tough, leathery colonel named Marcel Bigeard. The son of a railway mechanic,

Bigeard was a humdrum bank clerk in Toul when he was called up just before World War II. Today, a weatherbeaten and wiry 41, he is a legend.

Bigeard first made a name for himself as a sergeant in 1940 when he held out in a Vosges dugout five days after the rest of the army had surrendered to the Nazis. After escaping from a German prison camp, he joined De Gaulle, eventually took charge of the resistance in the Ariège department in the south of France. At Dienbienphu, in 1954, he characteristically fought until his last round was spent, then walked out of his bunker to surrender with his hands stuffed ostentatiously and contemptuously in his pockets.

Onions v. Wine. Though he lost an eye in Indo-China, he was sent to Algeria to take command of the crack Third Colonial Parachute Regiment. A martinet but the idol of his men, Bigeard whipped them into shape by running them as much as 15 miles at a time. He made them shave every day, no matter where they were, doled out raw onions instead of the traditional wine ration because "wine reduces stamina." With all-night marches and sudden paratroop raids, he won every engagement, became so successful at outwitting the rebels ("He thinks like a *fella-gha*," says one of his officers) that the army put him in charge of a special school which next month will begin to give French officers intensive training in combatting "subversive war." Last week the French army let out one chapter in Bigeard's career that hitherto had been kept secret—the cloak-and-dagger tale of how he, in effect, became commander of a band of enemy terrorists in Algiers' casbah.

"A Great Honor." It all began last fall when Bigeard's men captured an Algerian terrorist named Zerrouk, and persuaded him to change sides. Still outwardly a



Howard Sachurek—Lire
COLONEL BIGEARD
The mind of a *fella-gha*.

rebel, Zerrouk slipped back into the casbah as Bigeard's chief informer. Thanks to him, one terrorist leader after another fell into French hands, until Zerrouk found himself Terrorist No. 2, outranked only by the wily and elusive Yacéf Saadi. Communicating only through a network of F.L.N. intermediaries and "letterboxes," Zerrouk (in messages dictated by Bigeard) described his own feats so glowingly that Saadi ordered him to be more cautious. One day Zerrouk was named by Saadi to take over the entire "Algiers military zone," Replied Zerrouk, on Bigeard's orders: "It will be a great honor."

When the unsuspecting Saadi appealed to Zerrouk to furnish fresh Arab recruits to make bombs, Zerrouk suggested that Saadi get in touch with F.L.N. leaders in nearby Kabylia. Saadi innocently followed the suggestion, only to learn later that as soon as the Kabylia recruits arrived in Algiers, the French promptly seized them. By last Sept. 24, all that was left of Saadi's once formidable terrorist empire was Saadi himself. That day (TIME, Oct. 7) the French ringed his casbah hideout and captured him and his mistress.

The Disappearing Act

Under a rainy Riviera sky, the Angers soccer team beat the crack Monaco eleven, 2-0, in a crucial game, but immediately afterwards, Angers' star forward disappeared. Then five of the best Monaco players vanished. All last week reports of missing *footballeurs* poured in: Lyon lost one player; so did Reims, Saint-Etienne and Nîmes; Toulouse lost two.

The vanished players had one thing in common: they were all Algerians. It was as if, overnight, the best Latin American baseball players in the major leagues—men like Chico Carrasquel, Bobby Avila, Minnie Minoso, Ruben Gomez—had fled the U.S. and challenged the Yankees and Braves for the world championship.

When newsmen tracked down the Algerians in Switzerland and Tunisia, they found them hobnobbing with F.L.N. agents, were handed an F.L.N. communiqué stating that the *footballeurs* refused any longer to help French sport "at the moment when France makes merciless war on their country. They have placed the independence of Algeria above all, giving Algerian youth proof of their courage and disinterestedness." A "Free Algerian" team would now be formed to barnstorm through the Middle East, said F.L.N.

The players did not seem especially heroic. Mustapha Zitouni, who had been scheduled to play for France in an international match against Switzerland, said glumly in Tunis: "I have many friends in France, but the problem is bigger than us. What do you do if your country is at war and you get called up?"

To millions of French soccer fans it was the saddest blow of the Algerian rebellion. Favorite teams were badly crippled, and club owners put a trade value of \$250,000 on the missing players. The players had not been treated meanly as Algerians; they were good friends of the other players, and were regarded as sports



DENMARK'S PRINCESS MARGRETHE & FATHER
The cares of a *Tronfolger*.

Nordisk Presse

celebrities; most had French wives or girl friends.

Like all Algerians working in France, the *footballeurs* had been regularly visited by F.L.N. collectors who took a 15% bite of their salaries and bonuses to support the rebellion. But no one had imagined that the F.L.N. was powerful enough to make the players throw up good jobs, abandon their homes, and give up such sideline business as bars and bistros. The flight may not have been pure patriotism, but it was far from kidnaping. The exodus, with its complicated movement of wives and children, luggage and refrigerators and washing machines, was elaborately planned over a long period of time to avert suspicion, and not a single player appealed to the police for protection.

DENMARK

Daisy Comes of Age

At 10:15 one morning last week, the wooden gates of Copenhagen's grey Amalienborg Palace swung open. Red-jacketed Royal Life Guards sprang smartly to attention as a Rolls-Royce bearing King Frederik IX and his pretty daughter turned slowly into the street. The day belonged to Princess Margrethe.

At Christiansborg Palace, home of the Folketing (Parliament), the 18-year-old princess was formally introduced to the Council of State, and with a gold pen signed an oath to uphold the Danish constitution. Later, as she drove home in a royal coach, crowds jammed the sidewalks to cheer her. They called again and again for her to show herself on the balcony of the royal palace. Flag-waving schoolboys swung into a popular song that ends with the words "because she is so young and pretty," and the venerable Sixtus Harbor Battery boomed out a 21-gun salute.

Thus, on her 18th birthday, was Margrethe Alexandrine Torhildur Ingrid, popularly known as Daisy, installed as *Tronfolger*—heir to the throne and some day Queen of Denmark, of the Wends and

the Goths, Duchess of Slesvig, Holstein, Stormarn, Ditmarsken, Lauenburg and Oldenburg, and 50th sovereign of the oldest continuous kingdom in Europe.

Omen of Hope. Born just one week after the Nazis invaded her country and named after the great 14th century queen who extended her rule throughout Scandinavia, Margrethe's birth was regarded during the somber days of the occupation as an omen of brighter times to come. She grew into a shy but fun-loving little girl who, when asked what she liked best about the private school she was attending, blurted: "All that milling around and pushing and shoving in the corridors."

Unlike her two younger sisters, she developed some unusually serious tastes. All she wanted for Christmas at eleven was a membership in the Royal Society of Ornithology. From her maternal grandfather, King Gustav VI Adolf of Sweden, she acquired a love for archaeology, and her royal father's subjects were treated to a succession of press photographs of a dirty-faced young princess earnestly grubbing about on all fours in some muddy excavation. In 1953 the people of Denmark overwhelmingly voted to change the law that, since the first Margrethe, has kept females from the throne.

Brief Encounter. As *Tronfolger*, Margrethe can now act as regent during her father's absences, with "the prerogative of mercy and granting amnesty" and, when Parliament is not sitting, of calling the nation to arms against any foreign invader. But beyond learning her official duties and finishing her education, her chief worry during the next years will be to find a suitable consort. At a ball last fall, the royal court thought for a moment that she might have found one when she insisted on dancing every waltz with a handsome teen-aged count. Unhappily, the waltzing gave the dashing count a most undashing nosebleed, and by the time he finished out the evening with his nostrils stuffed with cotton, his brief career as Daisy's No. 1 romantic possibility was over.

GREAT BRITAIN

"The Natural Alliance"

Though Frenchmen may not intend it that way, whenever they flout world opinion, German stock tends to go up. This truism was evident in London last week. The 20th century reflex is to think of Britons and Germans as mortal enemies, and Britons and French as fond allies. But before the two World Wars, the opposite was more often the case. As late as the end of the 19th century, Britain's obvious partner in trade, diplomacy and royal bedrooms was Germany. "The natural alliance," said Salisbury's Colonial Secretary Joseph Chamberlain on Nov. 30, 1899, "is between ourselves and the great German Empire."

Last week Chancellor Konrad Adenauer arrived in London to return Prime Minister Harold Macmillan's visit to West Germany. On the visit's eve, the two countries settled their longstanding and awkward dispute over German financing of the British army on the Rhine (the British argue that until wealthy West Germany gets its own NATO army, it should help pay the costs of others who protect it). To settle the issue, the British retreated farther than the Germans. They promised to maintain about 50,000 troops on the Rhine till 1961, and instead of the \$132 million in support that they wanted for this year alone, they accepted some \$100 million spread over three years' time. To soften the impact in Britain, Germany agreed to deposit \$140 million in London for purchase of arms and services.

In the relaxed and cordial atmosphere created by these concessions, Prime Minister Macmillan and his aides made a pitch for German help against France. Britain has refused to join the six-nation, tariff-free European Common Market, but does not want to be shut out of a probable market of 165 million people. Britain would like to be an affiliate (along with ten other European nations) in a looser free-trade area, but as a price for letting the British in, France demands tariff preference throughout the British Commonwealth. Adenauer agreed to help.

After dining with Queen Elizabeth at Windsor Castle, the place where Kaiser Wilhelm II visited his cousin George V in 1910, Adenauer presented an \$11,900 check to the fund for rebuilding Coventry Cathedral, which German bombers destroyed in a 1940 raid. After three glowing days Adenauer returned to Germany, where this week he will play host to Russia's No. 2 man, First Deputy Premier Anastas Mikoyan, whose visit to Bonn to sign the new Russia-West Germany trade pact is further evidence of West Germany's heightened prestige.

Reputation Day

The power of the Mother of Parliaments grew out of its power of the purse, and many a British leader from Gladstone to Macmillan has made a name for himself when, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, he presents his annual April budget to the House. Last week's Budget Day spot-

lighted a new Chancellor, the Tories' fourth in four years.

Tall, earnest Derick Heathcoat Amory, 58, is regarded as a comer in British politics, partly because he is not too pushy about getting there. A quiet, unpretentious West Country bachelor squire who rode to hounds and managed the family textile business until World War II, he helped plan the costly Arnhem operation and, at 44, insisted on going along. Breaking a thigh in jumping, he was captured, went home on crutches from a German prison camp at war's end in time to run for Parliament. He felt a family obligation to run because a young, politically promising cousin had been killed in



CHANCELLOR HEATHCOAT AMORY
Marching in to a standstill.

the war. His personal diffidence won him respect in the House; his shrewd advice on business affairs won him esteem in the City. At the Ministry of Agriculture he managed to achieve a success in that "graveyard of future Prime Ministers."

True to tradition, Heathcoat (pronounced hutch-cut) Amory held aloft Gladstone's frayed red dispatch box as he strode in to members' cheers last week. But as he plunged into his businesslike speech, pausing only at a reference to milk processing to refresh himself with a glass of milk thinly laced with rum and honey,* the House soon realized that the self-effacing Chancellor had produced an even more self-effacing budget. He had decided that Britain was not going to get caught in the American recession, but should not risk trying to expand its economy just now, either. His "standstill budget," as the papers called it, vouchsafed only the smallest mercies, trimming income taxes only for those over 65, and

halving the cinema admission tax to help the movie business up from penury. The Chancellor's one concession to industry: scrubbing a 30% tax on distributed profits and a 3% tax on undistributed profits in favor of a flat 10% profits tax.

Laborite Harold Wilson called it "a mouse of a budget," but Labor was not too anxious to show itself in favor of inflation, for if threatened nationwide strikes occur soon, Labor stands to lose politically by them. In a TV broadcast, Heathcoat Amory agreed that to Britons his poor-mouth talk, when gold and sterling reserves had risen a billion dollars in six months, must seem "tiresomely cautious." But precisely because he did not bow to political pressures, the budget increased the new Chancellor's reputation. "It would be folly," said Harold Macmillan, "to be an island of inflation in a deflationary world."

CYPRUS

Answering Blast

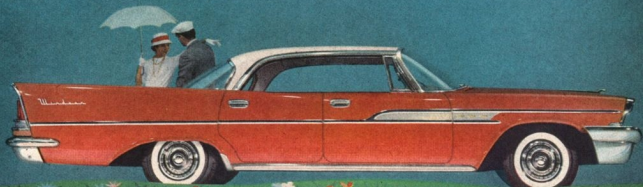
At Famagusta's Hereon movie theater, where for the past ten years the screen has often been filled with the gun smoke of U.S.-made westerns, the shooting began earlier than usual one day last week. It was midmorning, and crowds milled through the busiest shopping area of Cyprus' third-largest city (pop. 21,100). Five pistol shots rang out and, just ten yards from the Hereon's box office, a man slumped to the sidewalk, wounded in face, chest, abdomen and hand. The gunman fired a sixth shot and disappeared among the shoppers. The victim, who died a short while later, was a man especially disliked by EOKA terrorists: William Dear, 61-year-old police interrogator of the Special Branch. He was the first Englishman killed since the Greek Cypriot underground declared its truce 13 months ago.

Searching the neighborhood, police found ten bombs, twelve detonators and nine bullets beneath the bed of Projectionist Georgios Kaliyrou, 20, who had living quarters in the movie theater. Kaliyrou himself was nowhere to be found. British army explosive experts insisted that the bombs, oozing nitroglycerin, were too dangerous to move, and two hours later got telephone permission from Governor Sir Hugh Foot for what Cypriots angrily denounced as a deliberate reprisal. The men were authorized to blow up the bombs where they were—inside the three-story movie house right in the middle of Famagusta.

Almost in tears, Georgios Papageorgiou, plump owner of the theater he had spent \$123,000 on, begged the British: "Let me carry the bombs out. Someone carried them in. They can't be all that dangerous." But as dusk neared, houses and shops adjoining the theater were cleared, police cordoned off adjoining streets, a siren warned everyone away. At 6:51 p.m., in a sheet of flame and with a blast that rocked Famagusta's old north wall, the British exploded the bombs. The top two stories of the theater's living quarters collapsed, snapping telephone

* For the long reading, Chancellors are allowed to sip something. Sir Stafford Cripps drank orange juice; Winston Churchill, not the most memorable of Chancellors, drank "an amber fluid."

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poles, piling rubble atop nearby shops. Hundreds of seats in the theater were shattered. The British refused to listen to Owner Papageorgiou's claims for \$56,000 compensation, and in protest, other movie houses in Famagusta shut down.

BELGIUM

All's Fair

The opening of the Brussels World's Fair was only 24 hours away, and, despite seven years of planning and 16 months of frenetic construction, the 470-acre showcase was still a littered building site. "We'll never make it," muttered a French official—and in fact the French (along

with the 160,000 first-day visitors tried to descend on the U.S. and Russian pavilions. (In the crush, a Belgian guard at the U.S. pavilion was pushed through a plate-glass window, hospitalized.) Both pavilions got mixed notices. There was almost universal agreement that in architectural beauty Edward Stone's circular U.S. pavilion of steel and gold aluminum (*TIME*, March 31) surpassed Russia's rectangle of frosted glass and steel, though the Soviet building was an improvement on Russia's usual grim monoliths. Those who think that fairs should be fun preferred the U.S. exhibit. But for all its air of sophistication and relaxation, the candor with which American life is portrayed, the

Yugoslavs contributed some of the fair's most striking displays, with a high standard of workmanship and design—as if in echo of the esthetic free world to which they once belonged.

YUGOSLAVIA

Rebuke from Khrushchev

One of Nikita Khrushchev's first acts on the death of Stalin was to rush to Belgrade to bear-hug the heretic Tito, and to endorse his thesis of "different roads to Socialism." But now that Khrushchev holds both of Stalin's positions (party secretary and Premier), and now that he has Poland and Hungary more or less



Michael Rougier—LIFE

SOVIET & U.S. PAVILIONS AT BRUSSELS FAIR
Propaganda, Sputniks and machinery v. sophistication, candor and humor.

with the Italians, Brazilians, the Arabs, Moroccans, Tunisians and Spaniards) were not ready on opening day. In the U.S. pavilion one entire exhibit was torn out for being unready. In most pavilions there were similar last-minute crises. But after workmen had performed a herculean overnight cleanup job, Belgium's tall, shy King Baudouin, 27, formally opened the first world's fair anywhere since New York's in 1939. Under grey skies and an umbrella of 50 Belgian air force jets, the bespectacled Baudouin proclaimed in French and Flemish: "The aim of this World's Fair is to create an atmosphere of understanding and peace."

Mixed Notices. With these hopeful words out of the way, the men of 42 nations hustled back to their pavilions and to the reality of today's world. The Brussels fair, however noble the aims and claims of its participants, has become a propaganda and prestige battleground in the cold war. The chief contestants: the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. From last week's opening until the closing next Oct. 19, an estimated 35 million visitors are expected.

Within minutes of the opening, most

humor displayed in the drawings of Cartoonist Saul Steinberg, some Europeans thought the U.S. exhibit "empty-looking" and something of a hodgepodge. Many criticized the "heavy propaganda" and the ponderous predominance of machinery in the Soviet pavilion, but felt that the Russians provided more to study.

Wolves & Mink. The big drawing cards at the outset: for Russia—models of the Sputniks. For the U.S.—a continuous parade of European fashion models, decked out in American-made bathing suits, \$15 chemises or \$7,500 mink coats. Almost unnoticed in the wolf-whistling stampede toward the fashion models: the U.S. atomic energy exhibit. Other American attention-getters: the "Circarama," a 15-minute movie of America the Beautiful projected on a 360° screen; the IBM 305 Ramac, which produces answers in ten languages in ten seconds; a set of U.S. voting machines. The pavilion's transplanted "corner drug store" and restaurant sold hot dogs, hamburgers, milk shakes at a brisk rate, chiefly to Americans.

In contrast to the heavy-handed Soviet exhibit, the Czechs, the Hungarians, the

under control, he obviously feels less need to placate heretics. Sounding like his old master, Khrushchev last week publicly rebuked Tito for the very deviations that aroused Stalin's ire.

The occasion was the Seventh Congress of the Yugoslav Communist Party, held at Ljubljana, the bustling, Austrian-flavored capital of Slovenia. What got the Soviet back up was the draft program proposed by the Yugoslavs, which contained 1) the suggestion that the military blocs of both East and West are responsible for current world tensions, and 2) the hint that the Soviet Union, rather than "international capitalism," represents a threat to the independence of the smaller Communist nations. In Moscow the Soviet magazine *Kommunist* angrily demanded extensive changes.

At considerable cost to their own self-respect, the Yugoslavs—whose Party Congress is already being cold-shouldered by Western Socialist Parties because Tito has two prewar Socialist leaders behind bars—humbly worded their program in a more pro-Soviet manner. Khrushchev decided that the change was not enough, and Red China and all the Communist satellites

followed suit in boycotting the Ljubljana meeting. In isolation but still firmly in control of his own show, Tito last week allowed himself to be unanimously re-elected President of Yugoslavia for a third term of four years. In a speech before Parliament, the 65-year-old Tito tried hard to stay on his tightrope between East and West; he followed the Soviet line on ending nuclear bomb tests, and, in the next breath, praised the U.S. for the economic and military aid it has sent to Yugoslavia.

GHANA

The African Personality

"Why is this conference so important?" Prime Minister Kwame Nkrumah rhetorically asked his people in a radio broadcast last week. To his capital of Accra he had invited the leaders of all of Africa's independent nations. It was an occasion Nkrumah had been dreaming about for years, and he obviously hoped that it would bring him closer to realizing the vision his mother once had of him as the voice of Africa. Now that the big day had come, Nkrumah was full of optimism. "For too long in our history," said he, "Africa has spoken through the voice of others. Now, what I have called the African Personality in international affairs will have a chance of making its proper impact."

Full House. For nearly twelve hours Host Nkrumah shuttled back and forth between his Christiansborg Castle* and Accra's flag-draped airport to welcome delegates. As cannons boomed, planes disgorged the Foreign Ministers of Libya, Tunisia and the Sudan. Ethiopia's Emperor Haile Selassie sent his third son, Prince Sahle Selassie. The United Arab Federation's Foreign Minister, Mahmoud Fawzi, deplaned explaining that only "very pressing and unforeseen circumstances" (i.e., an imminent trip to Moscow) prevented President Nasser himself from coming.

The only chief of state to attend was Liberia's President William V.S. Tubman, who had taken over the entire fleet (two DC-3s) of the Liberian National Airways to airlift himself, his party and his 3,500 lbs. of luggage (including a portable flagpole). By the time the Moroccan Foreign Minister arrived that night, Accra had a full house. It was a little disappointing that only one chief of state had shown, but with the exception of South Africa—which would not come unless colonial powers were invited—all of Africa's independent states, Arab and black, were on hand.

Cordon Rouge & Fat Mammies. At a banquet in State House, Prime Minister Nkrumah proposed a toast "To free Africa," raising a glass of Mumm's Cordon Rouge 1952 that had come straight from colonialist France. An orchestra struck up some Ghanaian calypso tunes, and at one



ALGERIA'S YAZID
Help wanted.

Paris-Match

point Nkrumah grabbed bemedaled President Tubman and whirled him about the dance floor. Next night the Prime Minister threw even a bigger party—a two-hour show for 50,000 people in the Accra stadium that featured tumblers, army drill teams and Accra's hip-swinging, fat "Mammy Traders."

At the conference itself, Nkrumah opened the proceedings with an impassioned "Hands off Africa!" speech. But as the conference progressed, Nkrumah seemed to be less in control of it. The real stars turned out to be the Algerians, who had wheedled their way into the conference by attaching themselves to

the U.A.R. delegation. Chief performer: Mohammed Yazid, the Algerian F.L.N. observer at the U.N.

Q. & A. Under a special ruling allowing him "to submit his views," Yazid eloquently pleaded the F.L.N. case. Sample exchange:

Q. Would you consent to a cease-fire in return for an immediate plebiscite?

A. Our resistance is our only bargaining power. The F.L.N. will not agree to a cease-fire before a political settlement. It would only give France a chance to delay.

Q. What does the F.L.N. want from the Accra conference?

A. We do not expect the conference to take up arms against France, but we want diplomatic, political and material support.

At week's end, the conference passed a resolution giving to Algerian rebels just about everything they asked. Equally important: Ghana, Liberia and Ethiopia, which had hitherto expressed only vague solidarity, seemed ready to offer material help, probably in the form of food. All in all, Yazid, who officially should not have been at Nkrumah's conference at all, came close to stealing the African Personality show.

SOUTH AFRICA

God's Will

Prime Minister Johannes Strijdom, the bull-necked zealot who is the leader of South Africa's Nationalist Party, cried that it was "God's will" that the Nationalists get five more years of control over the destinies of the Union of South Africa's 14 million people. The devil was obviously working with the opposition United Party, for, said Strijdom, they wanted to give votes to non-whites, and had devised a "devilish, satanic" plan to reorganize the South African Senate.

Such oratory and such thinking were enough last week to win a smashing electoral victory at the polls for Strijdom: his Nationalists increased their control of the House of Assembly to 103 of the 163 seats though their popular victory was by no means so decisive since they benefit from 50-year-old electoral laws which favor the hinterland. The United Party, which is as segregationist as Strijdom, but talks of "white leadership with justice," increased its representation by one, to 53, but its party leader, Sir De Villiers Graaff, lost his gerrymandered seat to a Nationalist candidate. Minor political groupings, such as Novelist Alan (Cry, the Beloved Country) Paton's Liberal Party, won no seats at all.

The African National Congress, political arm of the voteless 9,000,000 blacks, called for a three-day protest strike during election week. Strijdom's Nationalists reacted by outlawing the congress in four native reserves, forbidding Africans to assemble in groups of more than ten in urban centers, sending squads of club-swinging police on raids in native shantytowns. They need not have bothered: few Africans seemed disposed to give up three days' pay for a bootless protest.

Since the defeated United Party largely



NKRUMAH & EGYPTIAN BRIDE
Hands off.

Ghana Information Service

* Built by Danish slave traders in 1661, it became an official residence of the British Governor General, then Nkrumah's.



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Tension—tension—tension. Little by little it builds up during the day until you're ready to jump out of your skin.

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The Sleep that's 3-Layers Deep—gentle AIRFOAM (1) is next to you. Below, in the ENGLANDER Red-Line Foundation, are *two* levels of coils—resilient level (2) and firm level (3)—to give you EXTRA LEVELS of relaxation.



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Airfoam—T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio
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appeals to the 1,200,000 English-speaking South Africans, while the Nationalists concentrate on the 1,650,000 Boer descendants who speak Afrikaans, the London *Economist* was moved to wonder whether the Afrikaners had emerged as the master race, "with the English, the Coloureds, the Indians and the Natives as a descending order of inferior castes." Premier Strijdom, in his victory speech, announced his conviction that South Africa as a "republic is coming sooner than the United Party expects."

Financial and political advantages of the sterling bloc have kept Strijdom in the Commonwealth until now. But in their hour of triumph, Nationalists tried to placate the English-speaking South Africans. Advised the Nationalist *Transvaal*: "Don't feel bad about the election . . . Leave your valley of mistrust and suspicion. The Nationalist Party has shown that language and culture rights—and money—of both sections are safe in its care." Added Strijdom: "Formidable and manifold problems are facing South Africa, and some of them can only be solved if cooperation between the two main language groups is strengthened."

The Nationalist victory meant that South Africa's only prescription for black and white relationship is as master and servant—and this indeed was bound to bring a "formidable" future.

SOUTHERN RHODESIA

Upset North of the Limpopo

When ex-Missionary Garfield Todd was dumped two months ago as Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia (*TIME*, Feb. 24), the move was based on a hardheaded political calculation. Todd's own party, the Southern Rhodesian division of the United Federal Party, decided that Todd's vigorous advocacy of racial "partnership" between blacks and whites in the Central Africa Federation (Northern and Southern Rhodesia and Nyasaland) had alienated white voters.

As Todd's successor the party picked Sir Edgar Whitehead, 53, the Federation's Minister in Washington, an Oxford-educated moderate whom no one had tarred with the label of "too liberal." Since Whitehead was not a Member of Parliament and could serve only four months as Prime Minister without being elected an M.P., the party shopped around for a safe seat, picked Hillside, a suburb in Southern Rhodesia's second city of Bulawayo (pop. 139,700).

Both Whitehead and his opponent of the white-supremacy Dominion Party—Jack Pain, a bluff and genial Bulawayo accountant and city council member—left no doubt that they wanted to maintain the white man's unfettered rule over the blacks, who outnumbered them 13 to 1 in Southern Rhodesia. But White Supremacist Pain argued in the campaign that the United Federal Party, even with Todd gone, was pushing partnership "too far and too fast." Betting odds favored Whitehead 4 to 1, but when the votes of Hillside were tallied last week, the result was: Pain, 691; Prime Minister Whitehead,



PRIME MINISTER WHITEHEAD
Pain was pain.

604. A grim and grey-faced Whitehead promptly ordered dissolution of the Southern Rhodesia Parliament and new general elections in June. His defeat was widely taken as proof that South African-style ideology has at last established a beachhead north of the Limpopo.

INDONESIA

Flickering Out

Outnumbered, outgunned, outgeneraled, and easily outfought, the rebels in Sumatra last week were pushed to the wall.

Government troops at dawn scrambled from transports into lifeboats and landing craft, surged onto the beaches north of Padang, the rebel nerve center. A spearhead of Indonesian marines had already pushed inland against light resistance. At the Padang airfield, eight miles north of town, government planes strafed gun positions while 200 paratroopers drifted down at the field's edge. Within twelve hours, the rebel defenders were in flight along the road to Bukittinggi, 58 miles away, and Padang was firmly in the control of Djakarta's Colonel Achmad Yani, who had learned his lessons well at the U.S. Army's Command and General Staff College at Fort Leavenworth, Kans.

Some 10,000 government troops converged on the battered remnants of four rebel battalions defending their capital, Bukittinggi. The two-month-old rebellion, which aimed at the overthrow of President Sukarno and his Red-encouraged experiment in "guided" democracy, seemed at the point of extinction.

Miscalculations. In Red China the Peking *People's Daily* crowed that "the liberation of Padang is a victory of the Indonesian people in their fight against colonialism and for peace. The U.S. was directly behind the Sumatran rebellion and gave much aid to the rebels."

The rebels had hoped for the U.S. aid that Red China talked of, but had not

got it. They had expected that Washington would cripple Djakarta by freezing all Indonesian funds in the U.S. until the fighting was over; they hoped for cooperation from the U.S.-owned oilfields in cutting off revenues to the central government; they thought that raising the standard of anti-Communist revolt would bring quick support from all anti-Communist nations and from other regions of Indonesia. None of their calculations worked out—only North Celebes joined them in their uprising against Sukarno. Their most serious mistake was a tactical one: they had been too confident that Sukarno's creaky government could not mount so competent and quick an offensive.

Moving Center. At week's end the rebel leaders—Sjafruddin, Husein, Simbolon—were alternately reported heading for the mountains or in flight to North Celebes, where the banner of rebellion still fluttered at Menado. The Celebes' rebels had managed to buy a few B-26s "somewhere in the Pacific" and had already made bombing raids on government airfields. At Menado, too, was Colonel Alex E. Kawilarang, the former military attaché at the Indonesian embassy in Washington, who was named the rebel commander in chief. But if the rebellion could not flourish in rugged Sumatra, it was not apt to survive for long in less populous Celebes.

JAPAN

The Deal Is Off

Premier Nobusuke Kishi's tricky victory of the Chinese flags (*TIME*, April 21) did not last long. To make a \$196 million barter deal with Red China, he had agreed to a Red Chinese trade mission in Tokyo, which would be allowed to fly Communist China's flag over their headquarters and on their cars. To mollify Nationalist China—which had slapped a protest boycott on Japanese goods—Kishi ruled that Red China's flag would not have diplomatic status in Tokyo, but would get police protection under the laws against damaging private property. Formosa was pacified, but the Communists were not. Last week Radio Peking announced that the deal was off.

"Equating the Chinese flag with ordinary property," it huffed, "is a gross insult to the dignity of the People's Republic of China." Furthermore, said Peking, Premier Kishi was "two-faced" and "a notorious Fascist." In a clear attempt to influence Japan's forthcoming elections, Peking spokesmen crudely threatened that Red China would not revive the barter agreement so long as "the impediment of the Kishi government continued to exist."

At week's end signs were that Peking had overplayed its hand and overindulged its mouth. With elaborate unconcern, Japanese Foreign Minister Aichihiro Fujiyama predicted that the Chinese Reds would eventually "calm down" and trade with Japan anyway. And as he headed out into the rain for his annual cherryblossom-viewing party, Nobusuke Kishi ostentatiously shared his umbrella with Nationalist China's beaming Ambassador Shen Chin-tung.

MARTIN'S SCOTCH...

that's the spirit !



**CHEVY TAMES THE WILD ANDES WITH
HOOD SEALED SHUT!** *New Turbo-Thrust V8 climbs
two miles in the sky, runs ocean to ocean across South America
and back — without adding a drop of oil or water or even
turning the engine off!*



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We picked the world's toughest transcontinental highway to test the superb new Chevrolet. We pitted a station wagon, equipped with Chevy's radical new Turbo-Thrust V8 engine and Turboglide transmission, against the 1,000-mile General San Martin Highway that writhes over the most forbidding mountain range in our hemisphere.

To make it tougher we had the Automobile Club of Argentina seal the hood! This engine had to run like clockwork all the way from Buenos Aires on the Atlantic to Valparaiso, Chile, AND BACK without adding one drop of oil or water, without the slightest adjustment!

A. C. A. experts said the run couldn't be made under those conditions. But 41 hours and 14 minutes later they wrote a new record in their books. Chevrolet had hurtled across the sun-parched pampas, swirled up unbelievable grades that sometimes topped 30 percent. The deep-chested Turbo-Thrust V8 jetted a torrent of power in the thin air at the 12,572-foot summit, new Full Coil springs turned raw rock into velvet underfoot, Turboglide fed jolt-free acceleration to the treacherous road. Down and down the Chevy plummeted to the Pacific—and back again over the same rutted trail.

Back again to Buenos Aires and a new record! Back again (and its engine had never been turned off!) with proof that Chevrolet will soar over any hill, any washboard back road, any savage set of curves you may ever meet with a serene competence that will astound you. But why not see your Chevrolet dealer and sample that wonderful feeling firsthand? . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

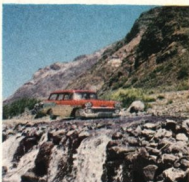
CHEVROLET



Going up massive foothills of the Andes Turboglide's triple-turbine smoothness gave steadier footing on treacherous gravel turns; Grade Retarder saved brakes on way down.



Terrific reserve of torque from Turbo-Thrust V8 made even the 12,572-foot summit seem easy. Oil dipstick still showed "full" at end of 1,900-mile transcontinental test.



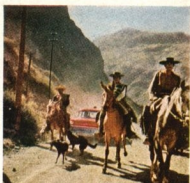
Full Coil springs gave remarkable ride on rough going—even through hub-deep streambeds across primitive roads. "Four-link" system added stability on curves.



No guard rail!—but Chevy's famous precision Ball-Race steering guided car exactly where drivers aimed it on perilous hairpin turns, cut down markedly on fatigue, too.



Twist and strain of endless curves, brutal jolting of boulder-filled road underscored torsional rigidity of new Safety-Girder frame. Lower weight-center aided roadability.



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THE HEMISPHERE

THE AMERICAS

Help for Commodities

Latin American nations last week got a promise of U.S. aid for the economy-bruising slump in the prices of the commodities they sell. Secretary of State Dulles, in a Pan American Day speech, made it clear that the U.S. was fully aware of its Hemisphere neighbors' troubles, and was now prepared to reverse the long standing policy of staying out of international parleys designed to support or stabilize prices.

The switch came just as many of Latin America's one-product countries reached peaks of discontent. Item: Chile's President Carlos Ibáñez, already badly upset over the low price of his country's all-important copper, last week canceled his scheduled state visit to President Eisenhower after Secretary of the Interior Fred Seaton proposed to restore the long-suspended U.S. copper tariff.

The Terms of Trade. In volume, trade with Latin America, the U.S.'s biggest supplier and biggest market, is slightly up. What pinches is a 15% slide in the terms-of-trade index from its 1954 peak. Coffee now brings 53½¢ per lb., down from 70¢ in 1954; refined copper trembles at 25¢ per lb., down from 43¢ in 1955; lead, zinc, tin, wool, hides, wheat and cocoa have all slipped. But such U.S. exports as cars, machinery and structural steel cost as much or more than ever.

Coffee, the biggest item, is the victim of a growing surplus that Latin American producing nations are fighting by buying up millions of bags and withholding them from the market. The double cost: printing-press inflation to pay the bills, lower dollar income because of the unsold coffee. Brazil's sober *O Estado de São Paulo* mourned that "even a frost of catastrophic proportions would not solve Brazil's coffee problems." In the same gloomy key, a Uruguayan wool exporter said: "Only another Korean war could save us."

Improvise & Stabilize. To make up dollar losses, Latin American nations are improvising desperately. Responding to Red smiles, Chile is exporting copper wire to Communist China, and Colombia is considering sending coffee to the U.S.S.R. in hopes that Russians can be lured away from tea. Imports from the U.S. are being cut back. But everywhere the demand is growing for U.S. help, specifically for price floors.

Of that idea, the State Department's Inter-American Affairs chief, Roy Richard Rubottom Jr., says "unwieldy and unworkable." Nor did Dulles mention specific solutions, but Washington heard talk of such stabilizing devices as export and import quotas, buffer stocks, revolving funds to buy up surplus commodities, production controls. More ideas seem likely to be a major result of Vice President Nixon's trip through South America, scheduled to start next week.

CUBA

Agonizing Reappraisal

Fidel Castro's rebels reeled back in bitter confusion last week, but Cuba's civil war was not yet ended—and both sides knew it.

Emerging victorious from the biggest battle of the war, Strongman Fulgencio Batista prepared his positions for the next round. As shoppers once more filled peaceful Havana streets, the Cabinet decreed all public-service employees subject to military draft. That meant that if the rebels again threatened a general strike,

alibied the "minor setback" in the capital as caused mostly by "delayed public reaction," insisted: "Our units are intact." Broadcasting from the clandestine rebel station, Castro unleashed a farago of nonsensical victory claims, e.g., "There is no rebel patrol that has not scored a resounding success." He added an unlikely atrocity tale: "In the Sierra Maestra peasants' huts are being bombed with napalm that came from the United States."

There was no doubt that the rebels were hurt, and they showed it. From the chief himself came a summons to his six top provincial lieutenants to head back to



Associated Press

REBEL CHIEF CASTRO IN MOUNTAIN HIDEOUT
The days of blind Fidelismo were over.

President Batista could order some 250,000 workers in transport, communications, power, banks, hotels, government offices to stay on the job and, if need be, shoot them for desertion. Another decree stiffened penalties for censorship violations: for newsmen, foreign as well as Cuban, up to one year's imprisonment; for newspapers and TV stations, heavy fines and suspension for up to one year. For the first time since World War II, "ham" radio operators got orders to turn in their sets for the duration.

Batista's police continued their savage repression. In Cotorro they hanged captured rebels; along Havana's Rancho Boyeros Road they broke into an apartment house, hauled out two suspects, a father and son, machine-gunned the older man in a nearby garage, then mowed down the hysterical son as he ran to his father.

Riddled by police raids and command indecision, Fidel Castro's rebels more than ever lacked arms and bombs, but still showed plenty of bombast. In an interview with U.S. newsmen, dyspeptic Havana Rebel Chieftain Dr. Faustino Pérez

the Sierra Maestra, presumably for an agonizing reappraisal. The total failure of Castro's touted "total war" had highlighted 1) his weakness in practical organizing ability, and 2) the movement's lack of a social program to attract Cuba's labor and its Negroes (25% of the total population, some 40% of Oriente's). Said a wealthy, aging Havana rebel last week: "From now on, if Castro wants our money he'll have to take our advice along with it. The days of blind Fidelismo are over."

ARGENTINA

Not for Goats

At Puerto Madryn, a small town on the coast of Patagonia, a lone freighter was unloading one day last week. A big wooden crate slipped from its hoist, splintered on the docks, and out tumbled a bright pile of costume jewelry from Japan. "Enough trinkets," said a bored customs officer, "to adorn every nanny goat in Patagonia." The jewelry, as the customs officer well knew, would soon be heading north from barren, duty-free

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Patagonia as a routine part of Latin America's most wide-open smuggling operation.

Ever since 1880, all of Argentina south of the 42nd parallel has been an on-again-off-again free zone. The motive of President after President was to encourage settlement of the empty, rocky area, once regarded hungrily by land-poor Chile as a possible zone of expansion. The result every time has been smuggling on the grand scale from the free area past the sparsely guarded parallel. Patagonia's population has continued to be mostly sheep (14 million in 1955) and goats (1,000,000).

Dictator Juan Perón let Patagonian smuggling flourish from 1945 to 1953. In July 1956 President Pedro Aramburu revived the free zone with the old, futile hope that it could make an eroded wasteland blossom. Instead, refrigerators, watches, lingerie, television sets and bubble gum began moving across the border. Wooden handles stamped "made south of parallel 42" were slapped into imported shovels, wooden bases with the same markings were attached to Japanese sewing machines, and all the loot found its way north to market. Most lucrative item of all was the automobile, legally subject to duties of six times or more its U.S. market value. Second-hand cars shipped to Patagonia from the U.S. were driven north across the border, repainted, equipped with forged papers and sold for profits of 800%. Total contraband within the first year: an estimated \$60 million worth of cars, \$70 million worth of other luxuries.

With such profits available for bribes, no crackdown short of abolishing the free zone is likely to work. Aramburu made a token start by banning importation of a few luxury items to Patagonia. Last week customs announced the arrest of three leaders of one car-smuggling ring. But in Puerto Madryn the steamer went on unloading the jewelry, 5,000 cases of whiskey, 1,000 cases of rum, bales of Brussels lace, crates of fireworks. As every Patagonian knew, such choice merchandise was not going to the goats.

CANADA

Off With the Gallows?

Like many criminal lawyers, Canada's Prime Minister John Diefenbaker is deeply opposed to capital punishment. Last week it appeared that he might soon ask Parliament to abolish it. In the last fortnight, his Conservative Cabinet, which must review all executions, has reprieved three murderers from the gallows—all cases in which the juries had not recommended mercy.

An attempt by the Cabinet to do away with the death penalty simply by adopting a blanket policy of commutation would almost certainly provoke a storm. Instead, Diefenbaker is expected to arrange for a private abolition bill to be presented for a free vote in Parliament, in which M.P.s would vote by conscience rather than by party.



Sketch of Renoir's "La Bal à Bougival" after the larger original in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

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PEOPLE



PRIME MINISTER MACMILLAN, LADY DOROTHY & GRANDCHILDREN
Good show.

Keystone

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

To raise money for a retired nurses' fund, Britain's Prime Minister **Harold Macmillan** opened up his Sussex home to the public for one day, gathered more than \$500 for the charity from some 2,000 who paid admissions, sipped soft drinks, gawked at the handsome gardens. In his best country-gentleman manner, the Prime Minister posed on the steps of Birch Grove House with wife Lady Dorothy and six blooming grandchildren: Anne Faber, 13, Alexander Macmillan, 14, Adam Macmillan, 10, Mark Faber, 7, Michael Faber, 12, and Joshua Macmillan, 13.

A skeleton in Michigan's family closet popped into the open last week when Governor **G. Mennen ("Soapy") Williams'** 15-year-old daughter Nancy penned for her school paper the hot scoop on why her daddy always wears a bow tie: Soapy is sloppy with soup. At one dinner with the late Governor Frank Murphy, young Pol Williams cased himself into a dining-room chair, sloshed his four-in-hand in the mushroom soup, stood up, dripped more soup down his shirt front. Mother Williams rushed for cleaning gear, allowed the rolls to burn in the confusion, choking the guests with kitchen smoke. But the evening was not lost. Commented Nancy: "It did succeed in breaking the ice with guests, though, and shortly all formality was forgotten."

Off to Europe for an art show and the beginning of Paris-Tokyo service by Air France, Japan's Prince Takamatsu took along some simple requests from the folks back home. On the wanted list: for **Emperor Hirohito**, an old pro at marine biology, scientific data on Hydrozoa and

the latest French research on oysters; for **Crown Prince Akihito**, three kinds of tropical fish; for **Prince Mikasa**, the Emperor's youngest brother and a history prof at Tokyo Women's Christian College, a museum catalogue on archaeology.

For the late **Queen Mary's** 80th birthday in 1947, the BBC commissioned Mystery Writer **Agatha Christie**, by royal request, to do a radio drama called *Three Blind Mice*. Author Christie later expanded it into a stage play, *The Mousetrap*, thought it might run a couple of months at best. The day after *The Mousetrap* gave its 2,239th performance at Lon-



London Daily Express
AUTHOR AGATHA CHRISTIE
Better mousetrap.

don's Ambassadors' Theater, thus passing the musical *Chu Chin Chow* as the longest-running play in British stage history.⁶ Producer Peter Saunders gave a hotel-jamming party for a few (1,000) friends, who cheered as Author Christie presented the theater with a gold-and-silver mousetrap. Murmured she on the triumph: "I suppose it's just like making sauce. Sometimes you get all the ingredients just right and you have a success."

No man to bother about such a little thing as an audience, overstuffing Tenor **Mario Lanza** was up to his jowls in trouble again. After scathing reviews at the first two stops of a five-city singing tour in Germany, ex-G.I. Lanza went over the hill. Twenty minutes after curtain time for a concert in Hamburg, Agent Kurt Collien told 2,200 impatient fans that their boy was sick, provoked a small riot. Mindful of the Lanza record for skipping dates, some 300 Hamburgers then marched off to his hotel, got steered away by 100 club-wielding cops. When Agent Collien next day chewed out his client for beering it up in Hamburg nightspots, Lanza huffed off to Rome, canceled his remaining concerts. Collien later hinted to the press that Lanza, hungry for a movie contract, did not want to spoil his chances by another bad review. But bad press was what he got. Commented West Berlin's *Der Abend*: "Rarely has the boundless self-conceit of a star been so clearly demonstrated."

The will of the late Showman **Mike (Around the World in 80 Days) Todd**, formally valued in a Manhattan court at "over \$20,000," divides an expected \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000 between the producer's Actress-Widow **Elizabeth Taylor** (who receives half the estate in trust) and his son **Mike Jr.**

The will of Watch King **Arde Bulova**, who died March 19 at 69, left an estimated \$10 million to \$15 million to charity and kinsfolk, cut off Bulova's Rumanian-born blonde widow Ileana, 30, who vehemently denies an estrangement, with \$25,000 and freedom from all debts owed his estate.

Major General (ret.) **Harry Vaughan**, onetime military aide to **Harry Truman**, moved a step closer to tacking eight more medals on his broad chest. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee approved a bill (still to pass both House and Senate) allowing Old Crony Vaughan to accept eight foreign decorations, among them France's Legion of Honor, Guatemala's Mérito Militar First Class ("in behalf of personal merits"). Also to benefit from the bill: ex-President Truman, who can collect his Liberian Centennial Medal, Admiral **Arthur Radford** and General **Matthew Ridgway**, each to get nine awards, and Admiral **Robert B. Carney**, a ten-decoration winner.

* U.S. record holder: *Life with Father*, 3,313 performances.

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tainly, is a combination that deserves your personal appraisal. We suggest that you let your dealer introduce you to Cadillac’s exclusive Fleetwood coachcrafting—and bring you up to date on all the new models, including the Eldorado Brougham.

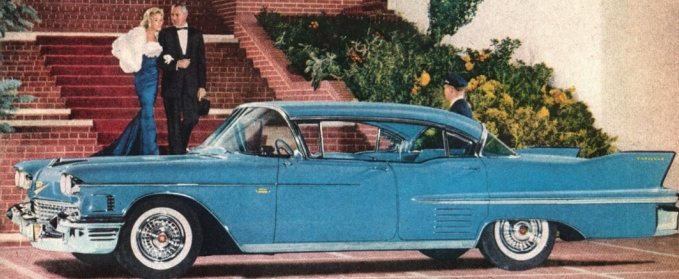
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Don't file it



... throw it away!

How one article in Reader's Digest saved time and space worth millions to American industry

"ONE EVENING," writes Board Chairman McGregor Smith of Florida's Power & Light, "I read an article in Reader's Digest that helped our company to save about \$100,000—and keeps on saving money for us year after year.

"The article, entitled 'Don't File It—Throw It Away,' described some of the scientific paperwork and filing techniques evolved by Leahy & Co., a firm of New York management consultants. It made me think that our business, like thousands of others, could save time and space if our paperwork and files were cleaned out and cut down. So we called Leahy in to do the job!"

Other industrialists reacted to the Digest article in much the same way as McGregor Smith. After Senior Vice-President Sidney Moody saw the story, American Cyanamid recovered 15,000 square feet of storage space and made more productive use of employees who represented a \$50,000 annual payroll.

Patrick B. McGinnis, then president of the New Haven Railroad, also called Leahy in. He later applied Leahy's methods to the Boston & Maine. "We have managed to junk over 1,000 tons of useless records—enough to 'paper' both rails of a 14,000-mile line."

The methods used to accomplish this were developed by Emmett Leahy while working for the Federal Government. They enabled the Government to reduce its annual purchase of filing cabinets from 97,000 to 11,000 in three years. In 1947, Leahy set up his own office in New York.

According to Leahy, millions of pieces of paper saved by American business can be destroyed at once; other pieces removed systematically over the years.

Leahy had served an impressive roster of important clients prior to the Digest story, and articles about the firm had appeared in leading business publications.

"But the Digest was the first—and the only one—

that brought response directly from 'captains of industry,'" Mr. Leahy says. "The way was paved after top management read about us in the Digest."

Here is how he measures the impact of that story:

- A 400% increase in inquiries from top executives.
- Contracts with ten major new clients.
- Contracts with several firms whose business he had previously solicited without success.
- Inquiries from all over the world after the story appeared in the Digest's International Editions.

Remarkable things often happen when people read about an idea, or a service, or a product, in Reader's Digest, because people have faith in the Digest, the kind of faith that leads them to action.

A 500% SALES INCREASE

Power of Reader's Digest was shown by reaction to articles published in July and August, 1957. These copyrighted articles, appearing only in the Digest, reported on the tar and nicotine content of all popular cigarettes.

Immediately, people sought the brand that ranked best. Dealer supplies were exhausted rapidly. The manufacturer shifted all available capacity to this brand, and still could not meet the demand. No shortage like this had occurred before in peacetime. The Wall Street Journal reported a 500% sales increase for the brand "in the wake of Reader's Digest's articles . . ."

So many millions were so impressed by what they read in the Digest that, almost overnight, an entire nation changed its smoking habits.

People have faith in

Reader's Digest

*Largest magazine circulation in U.S.
Over 11,500,000 copies bought monthly*

SCIENCE

Isotope Bargains

If people lived on radioactive isotopes, the cost of living would be no source of worry. Last week the Atomic Energy Commission was offering cesium 137 for \$1 to \$2 per curie* (according to amount) instead of the former \$14. Cerium 144 has dropped from \$1,000 to \$1 to \$2. Other radioisotopes are marked down in proportion.

All these materials are byproducts of plutonium manufacture, and their sudden drop in price is due to a big new plant

highest sandstone layer yielded 117 stone cleavers, 157 axes, 48 scrapers, hundreds of other tools and weapons. In the three highest sandstone layers, the tools were all made of mylonite, a fine-grained igneous rock; the fourth layer contained tools of quartz, and among them were bones of strange animals: a giant hippopotamus, pigs 6 ft. tall, and a short-necked giraffe-like creature with antlers.

After digging for several months, Dr. Howell figured out why the ancient lake was so popular with ancient man. About 10,000 years ago, he thinks, Tanganyika

tionalists, Britain's Ministry of Works intends to re-erect one of the massive trilithons (three-stone arches) of prehistoric Stonehenge on Salisbury Plain. It fell in 1797 after staying upright for perhaps 3,000 years, and there are accurate drawings that show it unfallen. The ministry will not re-erect other trilithons that fell in Roman times or earlier, but it sees nothing false about restoring Stonehenge to its 18th century condition.

Fearing the indignation of the British public if the ancient stones were damaged during restoration, the ministry is taking no chances. One stone, 4 ft. thick and weighing 45 tons, was known to have cracks, but no one knew whether they went deep enough to weaken the stone so it would break if lifted. To find out, the ministry called on Britain's atomic research station at Harwell. The scientists put 24 grams of sodium carbonate in a reactor and exposed it to neutrons until it became fiercely radioactive. They took it to Stonehenge by truck, put it in a rabbit-size burrow under the great stone and left it there for 36 hours while its gamma rays felt for cracks. If the cracks were really serious, they would show on photographic films placed on top of the stone.

The films showed nothing at all, indicating that the ancient stone was fairly sound. A lifting cradle was built around it and a powerful crane hoisted it gingerly out of the ground, doing in a few minutes the job that a tribe of skin-clad men had done with panting slowness 3,000 years ago.

Death on Leathery Wings

For people who live in temperate countries, vampire bats are colorful items for horror stories. In Latin America they are a too real horror. They carry rabies and transmit it to humans and animals, whose blood they drink. Rabies does not necessarily kill the vampires, and anti-bat measures by humans do not kill enough of them. Last week a Brazilian naturalist, Dr. Augusto Ruschi, 41, was working out a new solution of the vampire problem: biological warfare with a disease that kills bats only.

The vampire menace of Latin America has been building up for several decades. Even before they carried rabies, the blood-drinking bats were not pleasant neighbors. When attacking sleeping humans, they generally go for the toes, sometimes creeping under the bedclothes like evil, winged mice. Sleeping animals are their staple diet. They generally bite on the wing, retreating and hovering in the air a few feet away to see if their victim has awakened. Dogs often wake up when bitten, but other animals generally do not. Several bats may flutter down to drink one trickle of blood.

Dynamite & Gas. Now that rabies is common among vampires, their blood-letting often brings agonizing death. In Trinidad 89 humans have died of bat rabies since 1935. Other countries also list human victims, but the principal damage is done to cattle. In the single Brazil-



RESTORATION BEGINNING AT STONEHENGE
With atom-age devices, Stone Age care.

that AEC has built in Oak Ridge, Tenn. to purify them. Some of the market possibilities: atomic batteries, radiation sterilization of surgical supplies, large-scale chemical processing, light sources.

Diggers

The shaggy men of the Old Stone Age had their industrial centers too, and one of them was in central Tanganyika, Africa. Last week Anthropologist F. Clark Howell of the University of Chicago told about extracting thousands of stone tools from what was once a lake bed in the Southern Highlands. The site was discovered in 1951 by a Johannesburg school principal, but not much was done about it until last summer when Dr. Howell arrived with a small expedition (his wife and two graduate students) and hired 35 natives at \$1.50 a week to dig.

At 5,800-ft. altitude a gully 60 ft. deep had cut through alternating layers of sandstone and clay. The clay was barren but the sandstone was stuffed with stone tools. Five thousand square feet of the

had a capricious climate. During rainy periods, the lowland plains and valleys were good places to live. Animals preferred them to the hills, and ancient human hunters stayed near the animals. The upland lake was deep during rainy periods, and its bottom collected a layer of clay, but it had no attraction for man.

After hundreds of thousands of years of this, the climate grew drier. Tanganyika's lowlands turned arid. The upland lake shrank, but it did not disappear. Up from the hungry plains trooped the animals, and soon ancient men moved in with them. For centuries they lived on the beaches, chipped their razor-sharp weapons and fed on the animals. When the rains came again, animals and men trooped back to the plains. This alternation seems to have happened four times; then the lake went dry. The shaggy men, the giant hippos, the giant pigs and the antlered giraffes abandoned it forever.

In England the masterwork of Stone Age men is getting long-needed maintenance, using the most modern methods. In spite of clamor from indignant tradi-

* 37 billion atomic disintegrations per second.

WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SHIRT!

Manhattan
DOCOMA
The Self-Ironing Shirt



SAS Captain Bjorn Ullebust has flown over 3 1/2 million air miles.



PAJAMAS: \$10.00 UNDERSHORTS: \$2.00 SPORT SHIRTS: \$5.95 UP

Wear-Tested by SAS Captain Ullebust, fabulous *Manhattan* DOCOMA shirts prove they repel wrinkles 'round the clock . . . look fresh constantly, wash and dry with jet-like speed . . . and iron themselves. DOCOMA is a delight for the traveler, the bachelor . . . and the wife . . . thanks to the scientific blending of 65% Dacron* and 35% fine long staple cotton . . . which also imparts a rich, soft and luxurious quality. DOCOMA is styled with MANSTAY* . . . permanently sewn in collar stays.

Illustrated above: DOCOMA Blake** . . . a medium spread soft collar. Available in a variety of collar styles and cuff treatments. Long sleeves, \$6.95; short sleeves, \$5.95.

THE MANHATTAN SHIRT CO., 444 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 22



New Lady Spalding Ball...
made for a woman's game.

1958 Mary Lena Faulk Clubs...
mean better control on every shot.

Ladies... lower your score!

Tee up this special ball . . . for women only. Distinctive polar markings make it especially easy to identify. Has a durable cover that stays white hole after hole . . . a live rubber center for greater distance.

New! Mary Lena Faulk Registered Clubs!

You'll find these SYNCHRO-DYNED beauties handle easily all around the course. Irons and woods are weighted to swing and feel alike for more consistent play. Both have the great new True-Temper "Pro-Fit" Shafts.

Woodheads are HYDROSEAL PROCESSED, plastic impregnated for extra strength and power . . . virtually impervious to water damage. Faulk Clubs are also available in the lower-priced AUTOGRAPH and PAR-FLITE models.

Both the Lady Spalding Ball and Mary Lena Faulk Clubs are sold only by golf professionals. Like all Spalding merchandise, they're unconditionally guaranteed.

SPALDING
sets the pace in sports

ian state of Rio Grande do Sul, vampires killed 50,000 cattle in 1936.

As bat rabies spread over Brazil, the government tried desperate countermeasures. It set up 15 centers to produce rabies vaccine, but immunity given by it wore off in a few months. Specially trained bat-killers attacked the bats' home caves with flamethrowers, dynamite and poison gas. They chopped down hollow trees where the bats shelter, but still bat rabies spread.

Naturalist Ruschi decided that the way to cope with rabid vampires was to learn everything possible about them. He had always liked vampires in a professional way ("Everybody calls me 'the bat man'"), and when bat rabies became a national problem, he turned his attention to it. He and his aides traveled thousands of miles through Brazil's back country; they studied 2,000 bat colonies, marked thousands of bats with dyes to learn their habits. They clocked the bats' flight (33 m.p.h.), and studied how bats find their victims by echo-location. Dr. Ruschi built a bat grotto at his museum to observe at close range their living, biting and eating habits. He determined that it takes 5,000 cattle to support an average colony of 50,000 vampire bats.

Let It Spread. In 1953, when Ruschi was bat-hunting in the back-country state of Mato Grosso, he found a cave filled three feet deep with dead and dying vampires. This looked promising, so he collected sample bats and hurried them to his laboratory. From them he isolated germs that will spread from bat to bat and kill them in 120 days. "The long incubation period is good," says Dr. Ruschi. "It helps the victim spread the disease before he dies."

Since 1953 Ruschi has been cautiously testing his germs. They kill bats all right, but he wants to be sure that they will not kill desirable animals or have other harmful biological effects. If no such disadvantages show up, the bat-killers of Brazil and other vampire-menaced countries will soon fan out into the jungle, catch vampire bats, infect them with the disease, and release them to return to their caves and pile them high with dead.

Satellite for Posterity

The 3.25-lb. Vanguard satellite that was launched on March 17 has become a semi-permanent member of the solar system. Dr. John P. Hagen, head of Project Vanguard, announced last week that Vanguard I is on a "very stable orbit," rising as high as 2,500 miles and never approaching closer to the earth than 404 miles.

The trace of air that exists at this altitude has almost no drag, so Dr. Hagen thinks that the little satellite "will probably circle the earth over the heads of your grandchildren, and even their grandchildren," for as many as 200 years. Its two radio transmitters are still working fine, and since they get their power from solar batteries, they will broadcast indefinitely until some disaster, e.g., meteor impacts, shuts them down.



WRITE NEW ENGLAND LIFE, BOSTON 17, FOR A LARGER COLOR PRINT OF THIS PAINTING

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These buyers are generally the more experienced buyers. They give close attention to *where* they make this investment and *what they get* for their money. They examine the guaranteed privileges and flexibility of a life insurance contract.

Many of them choose New England Life.

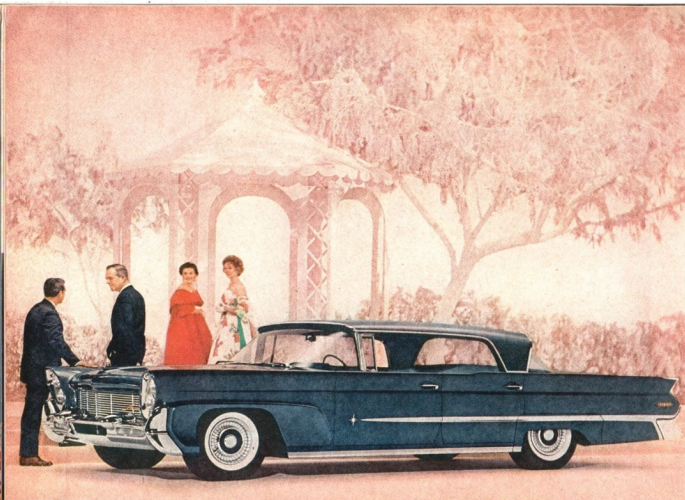
The average individual policy we issue is *more than twice as large* as the average for all life insurance companies.

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Classic elegance in motorcars: The Lincoln Landau. Gowns by Seasci.

The new shining star among motorcars

Clearly, this is the Lincoln era. Never has a car met with such a magnificent reception. And small wonder.

For here is that rare combination of classic beauty and contemporary freshness that has created a whole new standard for judging cars. Crisp and clean-lined, with classic elegance, this finest of cars is being seen and admired everywhere . . . especially where people of discriminating tastes get together.

Slip behind the wheel. And discover another reason for Lincoln's unprecedented popularity.

This motorcar moves you with a nimble, effortless grace that belies its impressive proportions. *And impressive they are!* It's the most spacious of all fine cars. The most serenely quiet and comfortable, too . . . over *any* terrain.

In short, America's most discerning motorists are recognizing the new Lincoln as the first fresh motorcar personality in many, many years. Isn't it time you made this important discovery, too? We predict one hour with Lincoln will change your car buying habits.

LINCOLN DIVISION, FORD MOTOR COMPANY



THE NEW **LINCOLN**

...the great new star among motorcars

TELEVISION & RADIO

CBS Unmuddled

Striking CBS TV and radio technicians, whose walkout led to a rash of bloopers perpetrated by their amateur replacements (TIME, April 21), voted at week's end to go back to work at cameras, mike booms, control panels. Some 1,300 members of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers won an 8.8% pay hike in two step-ups (to a base wage of \$190 a week next year), plus an assurance from CBS that video tape—the instant TV recording medium feared by the union as a major job threat—will be handled for the network only by I.B.E.W. men. After twelve days of audio leaks and video freaks, CBS was back to normal.

Problem of Identity

The ads for Manhattan's biggest department store sired: "Guess who's opening Macy's camp center this year? Captain Video himself." Exulted a Macy publicity man: "He has a fantastic pull with the kids. He can pack 2,000 in 400 square feet!" Nobody seems to care that Captain Video is no longer battling extraterrestrial badmen in outer galaxies. For though the show is dead, the character lives on, like a stubborn ghost, to haunt Actor Al Hodge, who portrayed the gallant captain for five years on the nation's TV screens. "I've made more personal appearances as Captain Video since I've been off the show than I ever did on it," says Hodge. "I've been at the opening of every Grand Union supermarket, every doughnut shop around New York in the past six months. How do I like it? What do I do?"

Fact is that Hodge has been effectively unemployed as an actor ever since the show folded in 1955. For two years Captain Video himself lingered on as a hero

without a show, introducing cartoons and kiddies' space films. But since last August he has been without a regular TV job. He is a victim of TV's power to create a fictive personality that neither make-believe limbo nor enduring flesh can destroy, a historic character of TV folklore uncomfortably survived by himself. Hodge has tried in vain to get dramatic parts and commercial assignments. No director will hire him, arguing that every TV viewer instantly identifies him as the captain. (Standard greeting: "Hello there, Video, what can we do for you?") His only big TV job since 1955 was a commercial in which he was a dentist boosting Dentyne chewing gum—and the kids doubtless wondered what Captain Video was doing in a white smock.

A drama and speech major at Ohio's Miami University, Al Hodge, 45, is a husky (6 ft. 2 in., 195 lbs.) air-wave veteran who makes no claims to being an earth-shaking actor. He is a competent performer, a family man with two teenagers to send through college, a Long Island Sunday-school teacher and a prisoner of fate, zealously determined "to get out of that damned Video suit." As a last hope, he has resorted to disguise. He has landed a role in a forthcoming TV pilot film in which he will clap on a talcum wind, and with his identity concealed, impersonate George Washington. Says reluctant Spaceman Hodge: "What is good enough for the Father of Our Country is certainly good enough for Captain Video—blast him!"

The Emmy Awards

Actors started for the wrong exits and had to be turned around, others failed to pick up their cues, events ran more and more behind schedule. This was not a high school convention, but the tenth annual Emmy ceremonies of the National Academy of Television Arts and Sciences, in which TV's most skilled practitioners hail the past year's best performances. Confessed Danny Thomas, the Hollywood M.C. on a Hollywood-Manhattan coaxial hookup: "They should never have comedians as presenters. Any comic on a dais figures he's got to do four or five minutes or the audience will think he's a bum." Milton Berle, TV's funnyman emeritus, quipped for 90 seconds longer than his allotted seven minutes. But like the man condemned to hang, Berle was as sassy as he liked, for there was nothing TV could threaten him with—the onetime Mr. Television has not had a steady job on TV since 1956. And without question, his nine minutes were the show's best.

In the past, the Academy has seemed in grave danger of handing out more Emmy Awards than it had members. Last week the winners' categories were cut down to 28. Even so, Comedian Jack Benny staggered visibly under the honor of having turned in 1957's "best continuing performance (male)" in a series by a comedian, singer, host, dancer, master of



ACTRESS BERGEN AS HELEN MORGAN
Chosen by mother.

ceremonies, announcer, narrator, panelist or any person who essentially plays himself." Of the westerns, current giants of the ratings, only top-rated *Gunslinger* copied an Emmy ("the best dramatic series with continuing characters"). Other winners, as often attesting popularity or superior politicking as saluting true merit:

- 📺 Best single show: *The Comedian*.
- 📺 Best actor (single performance): Peter Ustinov in *The Life of Samuel Johnson*.
- 📺 Best actress: Polly Bergen in *The Helen Morgan Story*.
- 📺 Best dramatic anthology series: *Playhouse 90*.
- 📺 Best public-service series: *Omnibus*.
- 📺 Best new program series: CBS-TV's *Seven Lively Arts*, which died, unsponsored, last February after only ten lively weeks on the air.

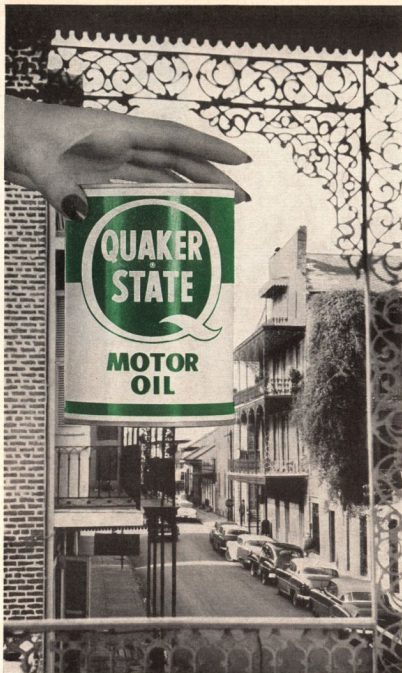
To win her award as TV's best actress, Polly Bergen outpooled such veteran rivals as the theater's Helen Hayes and the movies' Teresa Wright, an achievement that could be explained only by the fast-developing herd instinct of telefolk that leads them to stick with their own. Polly's reputation has blossomed principally through coaxial cables. Neither Hollywood nor Broadway was impressed with her efforts as singer or actress, but then she signed up for a series of TV commercials for Pepsi-Cola, quickly became known the nation over as the Pepsi Girl. Here and there, now and then, Polly tried dramatic parts to no wide acclaim. The final transmutation of the Pepsi-Cola girl into TV's "best actress" was based on one dramatic performance.

Polly had been working for that performance ever since, back in 1955, a grey-



CAPTAIN VIDEO (RET.).
Stymied by re-entry.

Ben Martin



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Big news on the road today is Quaker State. Every drop of Quaker State Motor Oil is expertly refined from only the purest Pennsylvania oil stocks. Quaker State gives cleaner, smoother performance in *all* car engines. Be sure to ask for **Quaker State... it's the best motor oil money can buy!**

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haired lady approached her, after she finished a singing stint in the glittery Persian Room of Manhattan's Hotel Plaza, and said that Polly reminded her of Helen Morgan. Polly's admirer turned out to be Lulu Morgan, Helen's mother. Polly promptly bought the TV rights to Helen's life story, sold them at cost (\$10,000) to CBS with the help of Freddie Fields, a Music Corp. of America vice president who is Polly's agent and husband. Polly, to nobody's surprise, was picked to star in *The Helen Morgan Story* on CBS's *Playhouse 90*.

At the time, Contralto Bergen got only modest praise for her portrayal of the tragic, wistful singer who epitomized a whole era's image of gently fallen women. But it marked the welcome end of the Pepsi-Cola girl. A shapely brunette with startlingly wide-set eyes of sky-blue, 27-year-old Polly now has her own biweekly variety show on CBS. So far, she has not attempted any new dramatic parts.

Review

Shower of Stars: After getting his second Emmy of the evening at the award ceremonies last week (see above), Jack Benny asked a prophetically rhetorical question: "Wouldn't it be funny if my next show was lousy?" *Shower* succeeded in reducing its stars (Janis Paige, John Raitt, Betty Grable) to micrometeor magnitude, often seemed an accidental parody of an early '30s movie musical, lacking only the traditional aerial views of chorus girls sprawling in living floral patterns. Jokes and Chrysler commercials sometimes had interchangeable parts. Cooed Barbara Nichols, playing a scrub girl in a carwash emporium: "Gee, isn't he [Raitt] cute! He can put his Imperial on my wash rack any time!" Jack Benny had the embarrassed air of one trapped in a cold *Shower* that could not be shut off.

Kraft Theater: In an effort to halt the long decline of TV's oldest continuous program, the Kraft Co. last month hired Talent Associates' David Susskind to put on a series of works by topnotch authors (among them: Robert Penn Warren, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Ernest Hemingway), gave the new executive producer full rein. Susskind's first venture was a package of three one-act plays by Tennessee Williams, written back in the '30s when the grocer called him Tom and the postman brought him rejection slips. *Moony's Kid Don't Cry* was a peek into the frustration of a onetime lumberjack hooked by big-city humdrum, was acted by Ben Gazzara with such manneristic Method (except during one tender love scene played with Lee Grant as his wife) that the poverty-stricken dreamer often appeared a little paranoid. In *The Last of My Solid Gold Watches*, Actor Thomas Chalmers was ruggedly convincing as an oldtimer shoe salesman who hides his fear of death and lack of security behind passionate tirades against the new world's lack of manners and tradition, almost managed to mask the fact that the play was little more than a monologue. *This Property Is Condemned*

For Almost a Century Longines Watches Have Graced the Activities of Women of Fashion on Five Continents

LONGINES

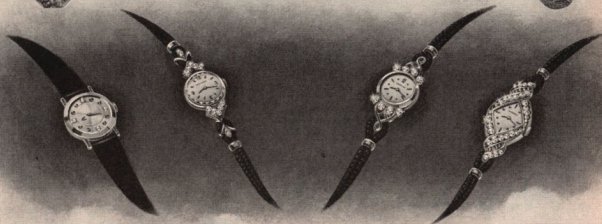
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From the Longines collection—left to right: Diamond Concerto—mystery hour-arrow, 4-diamond dial, \$130; Starlight Sonata—14 dia-

monds, \$295; Starlight Fantasy—smallest round watch, 8 diamonds, \$275; Starlight Splendor—30 diamonds, \$395. All in 14 K gold cases.

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LEE GRANT & BEN GAZZARA
A little paranoid, but tender.

was another disguised monologue, touchingly acted by a 13-year-old ballet hopeful, Zina Bethune. As an abandoned child living in the tortured, twisted glories of her past, she bore a remarkable resemblance to her older but equally demented sister, Blanche DuBois of *Streetcar* fame. Tennessee's three were clearly the first drafts of a talented author's later work. Their distinction lay in the fact that the talent was clearly there. For viewers, they provided a few moments of poetic depth rare on TV—and for Kraft, a much-needed artistic boost.

Shirley Temple's Storybook: "I'll return safely, and with Silverbud as my bride!" cried Abu Ali, the son of Aladdin. "Farewell! I leave for Samarkand!" In as delightful a piece of fluffy nonsense as Storyteller Temple has presented this season, Abu overcame the opposition of a smoke-breathing dragon and two villainous Oriental princes, won the princess' hand and heart. *The Land of Green Ginger*—a flying oasis that whimsically flitted about with its roots dangling—was satirically spoofy enough to entertain adults, was tricked up with a passel of fantastic gimmicks to bewitch children. Items: a magic carpet so aerodynamically proper that it would not fly when overloaded, a boy genie (his father was in the bathtub) who spun into view from nowhere when Abu rubbed the magic lamp. As the gallant hero battling his way along the zig-zag road to Samarkand, young (23) Kashmir-born Kuldip Singh was dashing and princely, sang with a mellow, Kuldipped voice that charmed tots as it has previously entranced bobby-soxers. Crooner Singh's career was launched in 1956, when he appeared on Groucho Marx's TV quiz show as a contestant. Groucho persuaded him to croon a ballad; the mail response was so enthusiastic that Kuldip decided to forge into show business.



Miss Patti Page's jewels by Harry Winston, furs by Maximilian—her Dynamic 88 by Oldsmobile.

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of going places
in the Rocket Age!

There's a marvelous surprise awaiting you in a new '58 Oldsmobile. Your local quality dealer invites you to get up-to-date in a Rocket 8! See for yourself the tremendous advances in both engineering and quality that Oldsmobile has made this year. This is true in *every* Oldsmobile model—the budget-priced Dynamic 88, the sparkling Super 88, the luxurious Ninety-Eight. You'll agree with Patti Page who says, "You don't have to look twice to tell it's a '58. Take one ride and you'll know . . . there's no mobility like **OLDSmobility!**"

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



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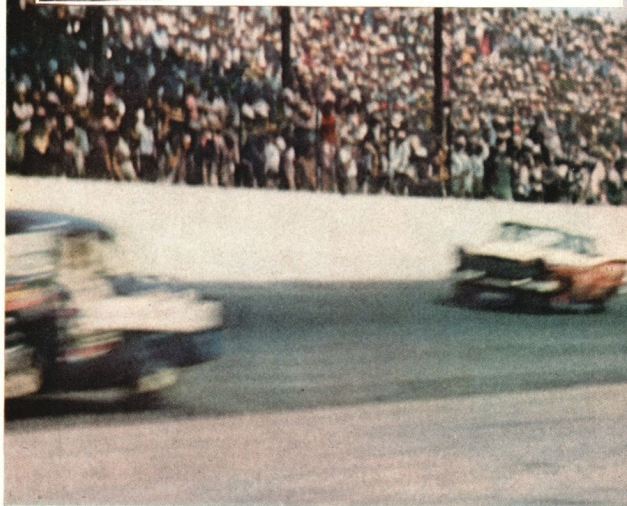


HERE'S PROOF OF PERFORMANCE:

2½ years of freezing and frying—but Firestones need air only twice yearly!

"I've crossed desert country on roads hot as frying pans," says Ralph A. Fletcher of Detroit. "I've driven through Michigan winters and Mexican summers for 44,000 miles on my Firestones' original treads—and they were still ready for more! For over two years I never changed a tire—and the times those tires

needed air I can count on the fingers of one hand!" Reports like Mr. Fletcher's are constantly being added to Firestone's file of enthusiastic users. They're continuing examples of how speedway research builds more strength and endurance into your highway tires to give superior performance in all driving conditions.



Torture test on burning 132° track proves Firestone

In the famous 500-mile race at Darlington, South Carolina, the winning car averaged more than 100 m.p.h. on regular-production Firestone tires. The track temperature was a tire-scorching 132°. Such tests-by-torture on the speedway enable Firestone to build safer, stronger and longer wearing tires for your use on the highway. Every Firestone tire is built to deliver superior performance under tougher conditions, by far, than any you will meet on the road. Extreme conditions like those encountered on a sun-baked Darlington track helped to develop and demonstrate the qualities of Firestone's new S/F Nylon Cord.



tires safest for you!

Here is proof of performance of the strongest cord ever made for tires. S/F (Safety-Fortified) Nylon Cord was developed by Firestone and is used exclusively in Firestone Nylon Cord Tires. Its 40% greater fiber stability makes Firestones best at beating heat and impact—it brings you extra safety and mileage. Prove it yourself by putting a set on your present car—or order your new car equipped with Firestone S/F Nylon Cord “500” tires.

Firestone

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MUSIC

American Sputnik

The chandeliered, high-windowed concert hall of Moscow's Tchaikovsky State Conservatory echoed last week to the rubbery beat of *Blue Moon* and the striding chords of *Embraceable You*. Then a reedy Texas voice rose above the piano: "A-a-ah've got you un-dah mah skin!" The singer was long-legged, tousled Van Cliburn, 23, prize-winning pianist at the Tchaikovsky International Piano and Violin Festival (TIME, April 21), who had got under the Russian skin as no foreign artist had done in modern memory.

With his impromptu Rodgers-Gershwin-Porter recital, Cliburn warmed up to play the last movement of the Tchaikovsky *First Piano Concerto* at a concert of the leading prizewinners on the evening his victory was announced. He was called back for three encores, finally retired to shouts of "more" in English. As soon as the hall was empty, technicians scurried in, kept Cliburn at the keyboard until the early hours of morning while they reproduced his triumph on film.

"Vanyusha." So it went all through the week of triumph. He was besieged by professional offers and trailed by adoring crowds that recognized him on sight, called him first "Vanya" (Little Van) and later "Vanyusha," an even more intimately endearing diminutive. His arrivals and departures at the conservatory set off small riots. Girls sent fresh blossoms to his practice room, and when word got around that he had lost weight and that he suffers from colitis, platoons of females turned up with bags of oranges. One determined girl even popped up in his room at the Hotel Peking in the middle of the night.

Official Russia, with an eye cocked to the propaganda values of Cliburn's triumph, was just as ecstatic. At a Kremlin reception, squat Premier Nikita Khrushchev threw his arms about Van's beanie, 6-ft.-4-in. frame, asked him why he was so tall. Grinned Van: "Because I'm from Texas." At a second Kremlin reception, Khrushchev bore down on Cliburn with hands outstretched, jovially introduced him to his son, daughter and granddaughter. When a waiter appeared with champagne, teetotaling Van shifted from one foot to another, murmured "I really don't care for any," finally took a glass, clinked, sipped and discarded it. Even Nikolai Bulganin was at the party; with grave courtesy, Van addressed him as "Mr. Molotov."

\$2,500 a Concert. Near exhaustion, Cliburn found time to chat for 40 minutes by phone with his parents back home in Kilgore, stop by the conservatory to have a life mask made for its collection. Then he traveled to Klin to play Tchaikovsky's piano, played by the greatest pianists on Tchaikovsky's birthday only. For Van they moved the birthday over several weeks. Finally, he played a solo recital at the conservatory auditorium to thunderous

cheers, boarded the Red Arrow train to Leningrad, on the first leg of a tour to Riga, Kiev and Minsk.

From Europe and the U.S. the offers were pouring in: Dowager Queen Elisabeth of Belgium personally invited him to play at the Brussels World's Fair (he may do so, with the Philadelphia Orchestra); Impresario Sol Hurok, who once passed him up, tried unsuccessfully to get Cliburn under option; Ed Sullivan put in his bid for Cliburn's first Stateside TV appearance. Columbia Artists announced plans to bring over Moscow Conductor Kiril Kondrashin to accompany Cliburn



CLIBURN WARMING UP
He's got them under their skin.

on May 19 in a Carnegie Hall duplication of his prizewinning concert, with later performances in Philadelphia and Washington. Cliburn's concert fee jumped in a week from a top of \$1,000 to \$2,500 plus.

Ghosts & Feathers. What chiefly confounded the Americans in Moscow who have followed Van's career, e.g., Juilliard Dean Mark Schubart, pianist Norman Shetler, is that he is not playing significantly better in Russia than he was able to play in the U.S. He has always had the technical equipment: the twelve-note span, the bravura style, the big percussive attack. But in preparation for his Moscow trip (which he says was revealed to him a year ago in a séance as a journey to "an agrarian country" where he would win a gold medal), Cliburn put in a grueling two months of six-to-eight-hours-a-day practice. During this period he may have sharpened some of the qualities that confounded Moscow critics: emotional nuances and inflections such as are normally heard only from string players; the special ghostly sonority that he can draw from the piano, as in the first movement of Rachmaninoff's *Concerto No. 3*; fast

passages that combine a feathery sound with perfect, unblurred articulation.

Cliburn himself thinks that he was playing better in Moscow than he ever has before. Certainly it was his first hearing before such a knowledgeable, big-time audience. Trying last week to account for Van's sudden starchy appearance in the musical firmament, a Radio Moscow interviewer put it this way: "He is the American Sputnik—developed in secret."

The Sound Around Us

Stereophonic sound, in its taped infancy (i.e., channeling the sound into two tracks) as well as monaurally for several years to build a repertory backlog for eventually selling the average home listener on stereo's extra depth and clarity. A small fraction of the recordings is on the market as stereo tapes, but the high cost of tape equipment and of the tape itself (\$14.95 and up for the amount of music that goes for \$3.98 or \$4.98 on LPs) limits its sale. As an alternative, the industry concentrated its research on the development of a stereo disk that would sell for only a dollar or so more than the regular LP record.

The research problem was complicated by a marketing problem: how to convert the public to stereo gradually so as not to endanger the fortune the industry already has invested in monaural LPs. There were two possible ways. One was to develop a cartridge and stylus that would play both straight monaural records and stereo records. The other way—Columbia's—was to develop a stereo record that would sound good with the standard monaural pickup and could also be used when the owner got around to buying stereo sound gear.

When Columbia indicated that it might go the way of the compatible disk a month ago, the industry, flinching at the memory of the "Battle of the Speeds" in the late '40s, set up a protest. Columbia's compatible disk, other recordmakers argued, produced neither good monaural sound nor genuine stereo sound. Protesting its faith in its system, Columbia nonetheless fell into line. Chances are that the majors will be out by midsummer with a limited number of noncompatible stereo disks selected for their inherent sound qualities.

To play the stereo recordings monaurally over his present equipment, the listener will need only a stereo cartridge, which he can now buy in the \$4-to-\$10 price range. But if he wants true stereo sound he will need a second amplifier and speaker. The whole setup could easily cost him less than some hi-fi rigs, since stereo achieves impressive sound even with small speakers and low-powered amplifiers.



OPENING DAY AT LOS ANGELES MEMORIAL COLISEUM
With the customers to give him the money.

Phil Bath

Walter in Wonderland

(See Cover)

The man with the ample jowls swiveled happily in his seat. Cigar ash dribbled over his shirt front, and his several chins bobbed as his tight little mouth widened into a smile. Everywhere he looked he saw money. There in the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum were 78,672 paying customers for the first home game of the Los Angeles Dodgers; no larger crowd had ever watched a single regular-season baseball game anywhere. So far as the Dodgers' President Walter Francis O'Malley was concerned, his team had already conquered Southern California.

In a city where wide-eyed crowds can be conned into celebrating the dedication of a drugstore, it was no surprise that big-league baseball had packed the house. It hardly mattered that the Dodgers had already dropped two of their first three games with the San Francisco Giants, the hand-picked playmates who had gone to the Coast from New York City. It was almost irrelevant that the Dodgers were now in the process of winning 6-5 to spice up their first game at home. The marvel was that it was Walter O'Malley who had brought the show to town.

Even in that warm wonderland of swamis, fly-by-night faith healers and hard-eyed Hollywood flesh peddlers, O'Malley was obviously something special. Half Irish and all gall, he is a sucker for other people's promises and a happily shameless manipulator of his own. His gravel-voiced oratory beats at the unwary with the brass of a top sergeant and the blarney of a sideshow Barker. To doubt his most outrageous argument is to deal him a mortal affront. But doubters there are. For Walter is a complicated soul. When there are two ways to do a thing, he chooses the oblique. Part leprechaun and part literal-minded lawyer, he disconcerts friends with a Groucho Marxist air

of insincerity. Yet he walks among foes with the grave and wary eyes of an honest man lost among a legion of pickpockets.

Neither background nor training suggests the single-minded operator who led the money-hungry major leagues westward to the California gold fields. Nothing betrays the brash architect of baseball's biggest revolution since a Brooklyn pitcher named "Candy" Cummings fired the first curve and separated the men from the bushers. A Bronx-born Giant fan who seldom bothered to go to a ballpark, Walter O'Malley went to work for the Dodgers as an attorney. "Why, I don't think he even knows what Duke Snider makes," snorts the Dodgers' Vice President and General Manager Emil ("Buzzy") Bavasi. "He leaves all that to me." But tomorrow he may well be the boss of the league. What will come of that eminence no man can say.

All Walter has done so far is reorganize the national pastime. He has separated two of the most colorful clubs in the majors from two of the gaudiest congregations of fans anywhere in the land. As a result, wherever people recognize the name, no one is neutral about O'Malley. But last week, as O'Malley counted the house, he could conclude that he was ahead of the game: complaints about his actions might still be pouring in, but so was the California cash.

Why Move? Walter considers success his due. His tenure as the Dodgers' principal stockholder, he reminds anyone who will listen, coincided with the most fabulous decade (1947-56) ever enjoyed by any National League team.* The Dodgers won six pennants, lost out in two pennant

* Though it is topped in the American League by the 1947-56 record of Casey Stengel's New York Yankees: eight pennants, seven world championships, only one season in second place in third.

playoffs, finished as low as third only once, and drew more than 1,000,000 customers every year. Neither John McGraw's Giants nor the Gas-house Cardinals ever did any better over a ten-year span.

With business so good, why move? Brooklyn had taken the team to its heart. The romance of baseball being what it is, the entire nation was caught up in the sports writers' fond nickname, "The Bums." There was also a sociological footnote: the Dodgers had brought up the first Negro player in the modern history of the major leagues. This made them the darlings of the vocal politico-liberals who did not know a squeeze play from a loud foul, but who knew a member of a persecuted minority when they saw one—even when he was as skilled, educated and fiercely proud as Jackie Robinson proved to be. Finally, the team was filled with fine players, a heritage from the high old days under Larry MacPhail and Branch Rickey. O'Malley's answer: All this was wonderful, but all this was changing.

What has been happening to Brooklyn itself is funny only to TV comedians. To O'Malley it is tragic. He sings his threnody at the faintest sign of sympathy. "There has been no new office building or theater built in Brooklyn since 1925.* Institutions don't lend money for building in Brooklyn. I can remember when there were four newspapers in Brooklyn; now there are none worth mentioning. And if you don't think a newspaper is important to baseball, you don't know baseball."

There is another problem that O'Malley is too shrewd a politician to complain about and too sharp an observer to miss: Brooklyn's slums have spread alarmingly. There is a burgeoning population of Negroes and Puerto Ricans. A private academy for which O'Malley served as chair-

* Walter was playing fast and loose with his facts. There have been 117 office buildings built in Brooklyn since 1941. And one of them, the Brooklyn Eagle building, went up just a few blocks from the Dodger office.

man of the board had to shut its doors because its neighborhood became too menacing for mothers to bring their children. Wits cracked that ball games at Ebbets Field, the cramped (capacity: 32,111), musty cracker box that had been the home of the Dodgers since 1913, had been reduced to the social level of cockfights. A familiar complaint was that some customers were urinating in the aisles.

Agreed Diagnosis. Even more important than these esthetic considerations, the team that won the fancy of the public and the pennants of the league is getting old and tired. Jackie Robinson, the pioneer, has fattened up and pushed on to the green fields of business. Captain Pee Wee Reese is a full step slower at short-stop than he was in his prime. Hypnotism helped Don Newcombe to lose his fear of flying machines, but no one yet has shown the lantern-jawed pitcher where to find the hop that has gone from his high hard one. Slugger Duke Snider swings away with dwindling authority and diminishing faith in his trick left knee. Roy Campanella, the great catcher, languishes in a Long Island hospital, paralyzed by a broken neck. From day to day the infield assignments are as uncertain as the tenure of a French Premier. And there are no replacements at hand.

O'Malley agrees with the diagnosis. But rebuilding the team, he argues, was impossible so long as his base of operations was the stained and gloomy pile of masonry hard by Prospect Park. "Look at it this way," says he. "Brooklyn draws a million people. Milwaukee draws two and a quarter million. Results: 1) they can pay their players more; 2) they can absorb more farm club losses; 3) they can have more front-office talent; 4) they can buy more bonus players. The momentum is Milwaukee's. Obviously, we have deteriorated into a noncontending ball club. I decided that the thing to do was get



WALTER & KAY O'MALLEY, GOVERNOR & MRS. KNIGHT
With the same girl.

Phil Both

my new stadium and get in a competitive position—get the customers who could give me the money to compete again."

Dodger Fan. The very thought of the cribbed, cabined and confined spaces of Ebbets Field has long filled O'Malley with horror. As far back as 1947, when he was still only a minority stockholder, he ordered an engineering firm to design a new stadium with a revolutionary dome that would end the losing phenomenon of the rained-out game. "It was treated facetiously by the press," recalls O'Malley ruefully. "But why should we treat baseball fans like cattle? I came to the conclusion years ago that we in baseball were losing our audience and weren't doing a damn thing about it. Why should you leave your nice, comfortable, air-conditioned home to go out and sweat in a drafty, dirty, dingy baseball park? Ballparks are almost all old. They are built in the poorer sections of the city. The toilets at most ballparks are a germ hazard that would turn a bacteriologist grey. Why, when I came to the Dodgers, I spent a quarter of a million dollars just to change the urinals, and Branch Rickey, who was the general manager, nearly had a stroke. He couldn't comprehend spending that much money on the customers when we could spend it on ballplayers."

At that point O'Malley had no thought of building his new pleasure dome anywhere but in Brooklyn. He would be satisfied, he said, with the land around the Long Island Rail Road station at the west end of Brooklyn. That ancient terminal, he figured, would soon have to be rebuilt anyway; it would do no harm to tear down the adjacent slums, and the nearby Fort Greene meat market was long overdue for relocation. All O'Malley asked was land, condemned and handed over to him cheap. So in March of 1955 Democrat O'Malley rounded up his own political pals, buttered up the proper Republicans, and helped push through a bill setting up the Brooklyn Sports Center

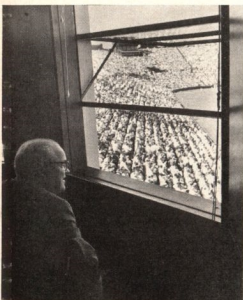
Authority. Governor Harriman, sometime 8-goal polo player, hustled down to Brooklyn, signed the measure at Borough Hall with the gallant announcement, "I am a Dodger fan." Walter sat back to savor the glorious future. The truth was that he was starting the longest fall downstairs in the history of American comedy.

Anchor to Windward. Before the Sports Center Authority undertook the tedious business of condemnation, O'Malley got up \$5,000,000 as his share of the venture. He sold Ebbets Field to a real-estate operator named Marvin Kratter for \$3,000,000, and signed a lease for the Dodgers to play there for three more years. He sold his Montreal farm club's park for \$1,000,000, disposed of his Fort Worth park for another \$1,000,000.

But while O'Malley rounded up cash, the Sports Authority died on second. The Authority was not given enough money to do more than study its problems. As the Long Island Rail Road site faded into improbability, politicians began suggesting other places, but none of them were pleasing. "One," says O'Malley, "was between a cemetery and a large body of water. I pointed out that we weren't likely to get many customers from either place." With \$5,000,000 in his pocket and no place to spend it, with only a short-term lease on Ebbets Field and no place else to go, O'Malley began an unabashed scramble for a new playground.

The very suggestion that he might leave town touched off sentimental blasts on the front pages of every New York newspaper. Sportswriters led by the column that Walter was betraying the Borough of Brooklyn. Brooklyn, Walter answered, was betraying him. Fans were staying away from Ebbets Field in droves.

At the winter baseball meetings of 1956, O'Malley cornered his old friend Phil Wrigley, owner of the Chicago Cubs, and poured out his troubles. He wanted to buy the Cubs' minor-league franchise in Los Angeles. "I wanted to bring the New



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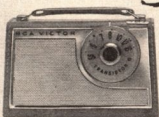
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York situation to a head," says he blandly. "I wanted an anchor to windward." A couple of months later, O'Malley announced that Wrigley had agreed to sell, touching off the fanciest baseball guessing game since the Black Sox scandal.

Farewell to Brooklyn. Were the Dodgers really going to the West Coast? O'Malley's critics were convinced by then that he would go anywhere he could make a rapid dollar—provided, of course, that he was handed the necessary real estate for next to nothing, and the Dodgers were handled like benefactors of the body politic. Still O'Malley played coy. He insisted that he would stay in Brooklyn if he could. But between the time he spoke to Wrigley and the time he announced the deal, he had visited Los Angeles. He scarcely wasted a glance on the small (23,000), antiquated Wrigley Field, where his newly acquired Los Angeles Angels played their games. There was a place called Chavez Ravine that he wanted to see. Walter took one look at the slumbering goat pasture just north of the heart of the city, saw four lovely freeways funneling cars in every direction around the vast acreage, and said his private farewell to Brooklyn.

Los Angeles' Mayor Norris Poulson promptly set about converting Walter's anchor to windward into a permanent mooring. Gathering up half his city government, Poulson trailed the Dodger president to the Dodgers' spring training camp at Vero Beach, Fla. A loud, impulsive man who manages to give the impression of enjoying himself hugely without quite understanding what is going on, Norris Poulson began to wave his arms wildly and spout promises the moment he met O'Malley. With all the sentimentality of a process server, Walter stopped the harangue by handing the mayor a paper. Somehow, Walter had already found time to spell out in detail just what he wanted.

He wanted Los Angeles to grade and improve the land in Chavez Ravine and build access roads, and, what is more, he wanted the work done promptly. The Dodgers, then, would build a stadium. They would expect a couple of consecutive 99-year leases on the land at \$1 a year, and they intended to pay no taxes. There were numerous other demands. But if the O'Malley ultimatum dismayed Mayor Poulson, he gave no sign. He simply took the paper back home and turned it over to the bright young men he has hired to mind the store.

"Anarchy," When O'Malley went West again a few months later, he was met by a motorcade of baseball-happy loons. The town was decked with Dodger flags; he felt like a conquering hero. He figured he had it made.

Then he met with Mayor Poulson's brain trust. Los Angeles, he learned to his dismay, was not about to give away Chavez Ravine on O'Malley's terms. "The thing got more and more confusing," he admits. "I finally asked, 'Well, who's the big guy out here? Who do I have to deal with?'"

The answer was: no one. As Hoodlum

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Mickey Cohen once wailed, when asked who got the political payoff for a gangster's operations in Southern California: "There's no politics in Southern California you can deal with. It's anarchy!"

It seemed anarchy to Walter, too. Not only was the mayor's boys telling him to tone down his demands, there was some active and growing opposition to letting him into Chavez Ravine at all.

Picked for a Patsy. To bolster his case, O'Malley retreated to New York and started looking for a traveling companion. The National League's train and plane fares for a summer schedule would shoot up as much as \$35,000 per team if two teams went West. The cost of accommodating only one California club would

performed their promise. For the moment, life was wonderful.

A Chance to Vote. With Stoneham safely stashed in his hip pocket, O'Malley easily got the league's permission to move. But now that the Dodgers had gone through their last season at Ebbets Field, Los Angeles really began to bear down. Every time O'Malley sat in a conference with city officials, the promised acreage shrank. He gave up the oil rights in Chavez Ravine; he reluctantly surrendered the oil that might be under Wrigley Field. And when the city council finally passed an ordinance agreeing to a contract for Chavez Ravine, the Dodgers' opposition picked up their bats. They wanted to save the ravine for more worthy enterprises, they argued—a zoo or a cemetery. But they got their biggest financial backing from a chunky oil tycoon named John A. ("Black Jack") Smith, who was shouting "Dodgers go home" for more personal reasons. Black Jack and his brother own the San Diego Padres, and they would understandably prefer to see the West Coast saved for minor-league ball.

The opposition had just 30 days to collect 52,000 signatures on a petition to force a referendum on the Chavez Ravine ordinance. In any other state in the country, the task might have been too rough. In California, where professional signature solicitors will get all the signatures anybody needs—for a fee—it was easy. For an outlay of about \$19,000, O'Malley's enemies guaranteed Los Angeles voters a chance to throw O'Malley right out of Chavez Ravine.

Chinese Theater. For O'Malley, that was a future headache. The referendum will be held in June. His immediate problem was where the Dodgers were going to play in April. Wrigley Field was clearly too small. Walter wanted to break attendance records right off the bat, he announced grandly, and the only stadium that seemed big enough was the Coliseum. As usual, Walter acted as if he ought to be paid to let his boys play there, finally signed a lease that left him only a little better off than the Coliseum's other tenants, e.g., U.C.L.A., the Los Angeles Rams.

Sportswriters took one look at the short foul lines (250 ft. in left field, 300 in right) and shuddered. The 42-ft.-high screen erected across the left-field bleachers impressed them not at all. It would protect the sun bathers, but heaven alone could help the pitchers. Oriental home runs, wailed the critics, would sail out of the park like pigeons; Walter O'Malley's Chinese Theater would make a mockery of every hitting record in the book.

Right on the Nose. To the Dodger team, the echoing, concrete-enclosed cow pasture is just another place to play. To the Dodger president, it is the brightest achievement of a vagrant, varicolored career. For Walter O'Malley, the tortuous trail to California began in The Bronx, where he was born on Oct. 9, 1903. He was the only son of Manhattan Politico Edwin J. O'Malley, a man who could trace his ancestry back to County Mayo,

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Associated Press
LOS ANGELES WELCOMES THE DODGERS
Are they better than a zoo?

have been prohibitive. O'Malley had already picked out his patsy. Horace Stoneham's New York Giants were going broke up in the Polo Grounds. O'Malley simply called San Francisco's Mayor George Christopher, invited him to New York and introduced him to Horace.

Although he shares O'Malley's girth, Stoneham shows none of O'Malley's guile. He wanted to move, and he said so. He and Mayor Christopher came to terms quickly. Despite the almost certain knowledge that it was settling for a second-rate club, San Francisco welcomed its Giants.

It all seemed so easy and so pleasant that last week's opening day with the Dodgers lull some San Francisco fans into thinking they had actually imported a winner. The weather was balmy than any Bay City afternoon is supposed to be in spring. Centerfielder Willie Mays, who may wind up the season as the team's only visible means of support, hit two for five. The vaunted rookies, First Baseman Orlando Cepeda, Third Baseman Jim Davenport and Outfielder Willie Kirkland, out-

and Alma Feltner O'Malley, a woman whose family background was stolidly German. At Culver Military Academy young O'Malley had his first and last brush with baseball as a player. He caught a ball on his nose, and quit. At the University of Pennsylvania he shunned athletics to become the complete politician. "I believe he was the first man ever to become president of both his junior and senior class," says a fraternity brother (Theta Delta Chi). "It was typical of him that although he didn't dance, he ran the class dances—and made money out of them."

Walter continued his studies at Fordham Law School, graduated in 1930, and got himself engaged to Kay Hanson, his childhood sweetheart. A shy, pretty girl,

general manager and went into the Army as a lieutenant colonel. O'Malley was hired as the Dodgers' attorney. He succeeded no less a personage than Wendell Willkie, and he obviously saw more opportunity in baseball than Willkie ever dreamed of. Within a short time, O'Malley was loading up heavily with Dodger stock.

If there was anything at all that Walter found unpleasant about baseball, it was his association with Branch Rickey, who became MacPhail's replacement as general manager. O'Malley and his pals in the front office were fun-loving types; the teetotaling, profanity-hating Rickey (who confined his cussing to an occasional "Judas Priest") ran a taut ship. The two

than enough to occupy O'Malley. And even now, in his moment of triumph, there are signs that the business side has its flaws. Not since Harry Truman has any man ever been so devoted as O'Malley to the proposition that the shop can be run by cronies—and the front-office cronies O'Malley brought West with him are begging for trouble.

Press passes that O'Malley's minions passed out turned out to be tickets to unreserved general-admission seats. And each time they are used, the passes will require a 50¢ service charge. Just as accustomed to free-loading as people in other big-league cities, Los Angeles newsmen and politicians are understandably indignant. And their help will be needed if the Dodgers are to win the referendum in June. If they don't, they may still be playing in the Coliseum 20 years hence.

There Was Walter. Through all the excitement, there was O'Malley, cigar in hand, eyes twinkling as he took in that first wonderful crowd. His whole confused entourage swarmed around him, his rusty voice rasped like a hacksaw slicing through pipe, but try as he would, he could not conceal his pride. Every third person, including California's Governor Goodwin Knight, was wearing a Dodger cap.

Batsmen may be thrown out at second on balls hit off the left-field fence; there may be more home runs hit up "O'Malley's Alley" in a single inning than entire teams hit in a season back at the turn of the century; box-seat holders may find themselves farther from the field than bleacherites were in Brooklyn; the Dodgers may never play in Chavez Ravine. But at long last, big-league baseball is in California—and Walter O'Malley is the man who brought it there.

Scoreboard

¶ Boston's Patriots' Day Marathon had its usual motley of cigar-smoking clowns, bicycle riders and beer-drinking college boys who dropped out of the race when they got to Wellesley. But after the show-offs were gone, pale, frail Franjo Mihalic, 36, a Yugoslav printer, outlegged all the other hoofers to win the 26-mile, 385-yd. grind in 2:25:54. Second: Boston's defending champion, John J. Kelley.

¶ Pleading ill health, boxing's Mr. Big, James D. Norris, resigned his longtime job as president of the International Boxing Club. But he hung on to his job as president of the Madison Square Garden Corp., which owns every share of I.B.C. stock, thus remained the chief target of an antitrust judgment awaiting Supreme Court review and a grand-jury investigation of I.B.C. matchmaking. His successor at I.B.C.: Truman Gibson Jr., a Chicago Negro lawyer who represented ex-Heavyweight Champion Joe Louis.

¶ From Oklahoma to New York, an eight-man team of Soviet wrestlers found only one American who could lick his weight in Russians. In the four-match tour, University of Iowa Alumnus Terry McCann, 23, U.S. 125½-lb. champ, was the only U.S. wrestler to win any bouts. He won three, drew one.



PROPOSED DODGER STADIUM IN CHAVEZ RAVINE
And all for a dollar a year.

Kay developed a cancer of the larynx. In one of the first such operations ever performed successfully, her larynx was removed, and Kay was never able to talk again. Walter saw no reason to change any of their plans. But his father stormily forbade the marriage. "She's the same girl I fell in love with," insisted Walter. And so they were married, and have raised a close-knit family of two children—Terry, 23, an attractive, sad-eyed daughter, and Peter, 20, a husky, quiet son.

In the Depression years, Walter tried a little bit of everything. He dug artesian wells, he worked for the subway system, but nothing paid off. Even an O'Malley-written builders' guide was a financial flop. But after he decided to concentrate on the law, Walter progressed rapidly from wills and deeds to more complicated jobs—the resuscitation of hard-hit bond and mortgage companies. Soon he was senior partner in a firm of 20 lawyers, and he took on the habit of chain-smoking his cigars. He learned to take two solemn puffs before he ever answered a question, particularly questions he was tempted to answer "Yes."

Tout Ship. It was as lawyer that O'Malley first went to the Dodgers. In 1942, when Larry MacPhail resigned as

never got along. "I'm no psalm-singing Methodist," explains Roman Catholic O'Malley, "but I don't know as I ever did anybody any real harm. I'm not knocking Branch for his beliefs; in fact, I've known plenty of daily communicants in my religion who spent the rest of the day thieving. But we never felt we had to apologize to Branch for anything that took place."

Few people were surprised when the showdown came. In 1950 O'Malley bought Rickey out and let him go as general manager; the man who had built the Dodgers into champions (and the St. Louis Cardinals before them) took his talents to Pittsburgh.

Bad Business. Walter O'Malley took over a robust, well-functioning baseball organization. The athletic problems of baseball are left to General Manager Bavasi, a tough-minded product of New York City who can think and talk in the poolroom language of most ballplayers. The farm clubs are handled by witty Fresco Thompson, an oldtime infielder who is a shrewd judge of talent on the hoof. But their combined skills have yet to uncover the raw material of another pennant winner.

The business side of baseball is more

THE TRADING STAMP:

*It is only one of
many competitive tools
that help keep
food prices down*

It is an axiom of American business that for every new competitive sales tool that comes along, another new one will come along and try to surpass it. So it is with the trading stamp.

Trading stamps are only one of several competitive tools available to the merchant seeking to increase his business volume. He may give a discount for cash. He may cut some prices and feature "loss leaders." Or he may use prize contests, giveaways or other promotion devices.

All these sales tools have two things in common. First, to be successful, they must pay their own way by the creation of new business volume. Second, they cause intense competition which has the effect of helping to hold prices down even during inflationary times. Because stamps are given nationwide, marketing experts connected with universities have been able to measure this effect in the case of stamps.

Food prices in five cities where stamps were not given by supermarkets and in ten cities

where stamps were given were compared with the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics Price Index for the two years ending in December 1956. Food prices in the "stamp" cities rose less than the national average. Price increases in "non-stamp" cities were more than the average. No evidence was found that stamp stores, as a class, charged more than non-stamp stores.

It seems clear that in these inflationary times the trading stamp is needed to work side by side with the many other competitive tools also helping to keep prices down.

★ ★ ★

REFERENCES: "Status of Trading Stamps in Food and Drug Stores." Selling Research, Inc., New York, 1957.

"Competition and Trading Stamps in Retailing." Dr. Eugene R. Beem, School of Business Administration, University of California.

This message is one of a series presented for your information by

THE SPERRY AND HUTCHINSON COMPANY, 114 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, New York.

S&H pioneered 62 years ago in the movement to give trading stamps to consumers as a discount for paying cash.

S&H GREEN STAMPS are currently being saved by millions of consumers.

THE PRESS

The Hell-Raisers

After 45 years of turning out biting, broad-stroked drawings for the editorial page of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* (circ. 403,068), crusading Cartoonist Daniel R. (for Robert) Fitzpatrick this week started a two-month vacation of "fishing and unwinding." While Fitz is away, the *P-D* plans to rerun some of his old cartoons and tap the syndicated work of the Washington *Post* and *Times Herald's* Herblock, who has been carried every Saturday for the past few years. But the bulk of the daily cartoons will be handled by a newcomer: baby-faced Bill Mauldin, 36, whose Willie-and-Joe cartoons of bearded, bone-weary G.I.s during World War II won a Pulitzer Prize in 1945.

Understudy for Crusaders. No one at the *P-D* is certain what will happen when Fitz comes back. His contract runs until the end of the year, but at 67, he admits he is wearying of the daily grind. All questions about the future are referred by Publisher Joseph Pulitzer Jr., 44, to Editorial Page Editor Robert Lasch, 51, who took over in October of last year, has given deft direction to the crusades of the idealistic, New Deal-leaning *P-D*. "Maybe Mauldin will be taken on as a kind of understudy to Fitz," says Lasch. "But maybe we won't like Mauldin, and maybe he won't like us. I really don't know what will happen."

Although his only previous stint as a strictly political cartoonist was with the tabloid *New York Star* (nee *PM*), which died after seven fitful months in 1949, Mauldin has always honed an edge on his best drawings, considers his war cartoons as being "95% editorial." Says Mauldin: "The *Post-Dispatch* has a strong tradition of independence for its staff. I have a reputation for raising hell in cartoons, and there are not many newspapers that will stand still for that."



CARTOONIST MAULDIN
Honed edge.

Going Fishing. The *P-D* has always stood for the hell-raising of Fitzpatrick, who has twice won Pulitzer Prizes for his cartoons. Pencil-slim (5 ft. 11½ in., 126 lbs.), well-tailored, tart-tongued, and an accomplished craps shooter, Fitz was born in Superior, Wis., attended the Art Institute of Chicago, warmed up with some front-page cartoons for the *Chicago Daily News*, and was hired by the *P-D* in 1913 at 22. Fitz devised dingy Rat Alley as a cartoonland home for the criminal and corrupt, and his victims squirmed to find themselves there. Wailed one Missouri politician to a *P-D* staffer: "I could answer your editorials, but what can you do with that guy who draws cartoons?" Says Fitz: "I've made an awful lot of people goddam mad."

Fitz has been quick and ready to ride off on his own crusades. In 1936, when



CARTOONIST FITZPATRICK
Blunt crayon.

the *P-D* fell off its ideological platform and backed Landon against Franklin Roosevelt, and again in 1948 when it backed Dewey against Truman, ardent Democrat Fitzpatrick put down his crayon and went off fishing. Talking to Democrat Mauldin about his new job, Publisher Pulitzer asked what he would do if the *P-D* backed candidates he could not stomach. "Well," said Mauldin, "I guess I'd go fishing too." Grinned Pulitzer: "Fine."

The Strikebreaker

At 70, he is plagued with eye cataracts, and his office is the cluttered corner of a Zionsville, Ind. farmhouse, which he claims was once used as a chicken roost. But restless, lank Bloor Schleppey has a role in American journalism as unusual as his name: he breaks strikes for pay.

For the past quarter-century, ex-Newsmen Schleppey's principal antagonist



COUNSEL SCHLEPEY®
Rugged constitution.

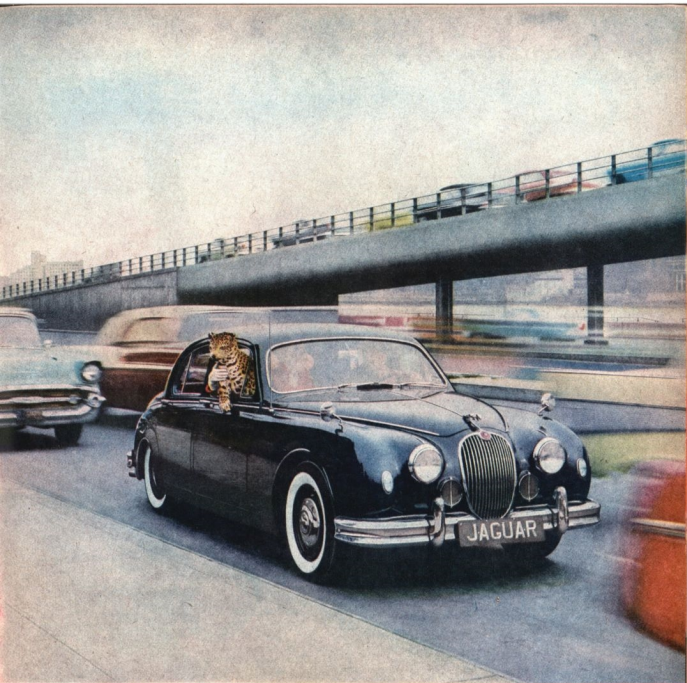
has been the tightly organized International Typographical Union. When publishers were hit with an I.T.U. strike, they called Schleppey. Within hours Schleppey was on hand, and his men were swarming into town by car, plane and train: a gang of nonunion compositors and Linotype operators who moved into the struck composing room, kept the paper going until new workers could be recruited locally and trained to replace the strikers. Says Schleppey: "It's a terrific job—you've got to have a rugged constitution. I've got one."

"Scab Herder." Last week Schleppey's hired hands were getting out the daily editions for the I.T.U.-struck Haverhill (Mass.) *Gazette* and the Worcester (Mass.) *Telegram*. A Schleppey associate named Shirley Klein, who calls herself a "legal consultant," is directing another combat team in the I.T.U. strike against the eleven-paper Macy chain in New York's Westchester County.

"Scab herder" is the I.T.U.'s word for Schleppey. Schleppey himself, who prefers the term "publisher's counsel," admits he has fought 30 strikes over the years and lost "only a few." But he likes to emphasize that he also acts as a labor consultant at the bargaining table, claims his interventions have headed off some 70 strikes. "I go into a strike to save the whole operation," explains Schleppey. "I'm saving maybe 200 or 300 jobs that the union doesn't care about."

To stop his strikebreakers, Schleppey needs only dial a phone. "I call up publishers who are clients and friends of clients who have nonunion composing rooms," says he. The publishers are happy to spare a man for the cause, Schleppey claims. But anti-Schleppeymen charge

* In Haverhill, Mass., after bailing out one of his workers charged with drunkenness and brawling.



JAGUAR 3.4 SEDAN

Only 7,500 Americans can get a new Jaguar this year . . . Naturally, Jaguars are scarce. You just can't mass-produce a superb car like the Jaguar unless you compromise your standards. We won't. Witness: the painstaking workmanship in the lithe, low body, the hand-finished interiors, the watchmakers' precision in the magnificently coordinated power plant.

In case you need an excuse to buy a Jaguar:

Performance—Tested and proved in international race track competitions, the famous Jaguar engine provides quiet, surging power for starts and safe passing. *Amazingly economical.*

Roadability—The Jaguar suspension system provides ultimate comfort even on the roughest of surfaces, prevents roll on winding roads. No pitching, no wavering.

Resale Value—You get unbelievably high trade-in value because Jaguar, the finest car of its class in the world, stands up for thousands of miles beyond the expected "normal" standards.



B. E. U.

works... to hire

key people

B. E. U. gives you the forceful new sales idea you need to hire and hold the best workers. We were first to answer the vital need for **Better Employee Understanding** of group benefits. We developed **B. E. U.** through research and long experience. We alone offer it. Find out more. Write: Connecticut General Life Insurance Company, Hartford.

Group Insurance | Pension Plans | Health | Accident | Life

CONNECTICUT GENERAL



YOUR HOST MEETS YOU AT EVERY STOP ON THIS FRIENDLY TOUR OF SOUTH AMERICA

that his flying squads are mostly "drunks, misfits, social cripples and are generally incompetent at their work." Within days of their arrival in Haverrill, several Schleppey recruits were arrested for drunkenness and disorderly conduct.

Behind Schleppey, charges the I.T.U., stands the American Newspaper Publishers Association, which has often scheduled him as a convention speaker. But while A.N.P.A. Labor Chief George Dale admits boosting Schleppey ("I don't mind saying I recommended him to the Worcester and Haverrill publishers"), he declares flatly: "We've never paid Schleppey a cent."

Red Ink. Just what he charges clients for breaking a strike, Schleppey refuses to say—"As a general rule, I make less than in my law practice." Schleppey insists that his workers get paid at union scale, but I.T.U. locals charge that they get up to three times as much. Schleppey and his workers get all expenses paid. Working overtime, often sleeping in cots in the plants, Schleppey's crews can make a killing; one Linotype operator in Haverrill boasted to strikers that he earned \$2,000 in little more than a month.

During a long strike, the bills for Schleppey's services have given some publishers heavy deficits. It took Schleppey several months to break the back of the I.T.U. strike at the Grand Junction (Colo.) *Sentinel*, and an ex-bookkeeper for the paper recalls: "I used red ink for a long, long time." In the solidly unionized city of Haverrill, the I.T.U. is fighting back by urging subscribers and advertisers to boycott the *Gazette*; circulation (11,000) is down 45% and ads are down 40% from pre-strike levels. To make matters worse for the *Gazette*, Publisher William Loeb of the Manchester (N.H.) *Union Leader* has seized the opportunity to start a rival Haverrill paper.

Up for Hire. Strikebreaker Bloor Schleppey (Bloor was his mother's maiden name*) was born in Crawfordsville, Ind., got a law degree from Indiana University in 1912, then broke into the newspaper business in 1916 on the short-lived Milwaukee *Daily News* (Schleppey claims he was managing editor; oldtimers remember him as a reporter). In the next years, Schleppey worked for the New York *World* and the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*, put in a term as a Washington reporter for the Hearst chain. In 1934 he went to work for the Indianapolis Publishers Association and started his career as a labor specialist.

Last year Schleppey tried to retire to his 150-acre farm, but the composing-room wars in Massachusetts brought him back on the job. This summer Schleppey will have a cataract removed from his left eye, afterwards wants to do nothing but paint pictures and write a book on modern art. But for the time being, Strikebreaker Schleppey is still up for hire. Says he: "I'll never let these publishers down as long as I'm alive."

You are driven from the airport to your hotel... accompanied on sightseeing by someone who knows local lore and who speaks English... guided to fascinating shops and eating places. A "host tour" also features the best hotels and superior rooms with private bath.

Day by day, you appreciate the extra attentions that make this way the most popular way to see South America. Let's see what you can do in 3 weeks:

1st day—Board a DC-7B after a New York lunch, fly non-stop to a Caracas dinner. Your Venezuelan "host" will take you to the luxurious Hotel Tamanaco. Your room with bath will await you.

2nd day—In Caracas. Your host will give you a morning tour of the city. You'll have the afternoon to enjoy the scenery and swimming pool at your mountainside hotel. At nightfall, you'll take the famous 20-minute drive over the 6-million-dollar-a-mile superspeedway to the airport and board a DC-7B for Rio.

3rd day—You'll arrive in Rio de Janeiro in daylight to get the priceless view. You'll be escorted to your hotel on Copacabana Beach and can spend the day exploring, bathing, shopping.

4th day—Rio from Sugar Loaf will climax a sightseeing drive to gardens, markets, museums.

5th day—Rio from Corcovado after a drive through suburbs, and Tijuca Forest. Standing at the foot of the impressive statue of Christ, you'll look down on Sugar Loaf, and the harbor. One of the great experiences unique to South America!

6th day—Rio with time to visit landmarks, bathe and shop; or take a side trip to Petropolis and Terezopolis, if you like.

7th day—São Paulo, city of modernistic skyscrapers, after an hour's flight from Rio. You'll be expected at the Jaraguá Hotel. On an afternoon drive, your host will point out the sights in the city.

8th day—A day to visit local churches, or drive to Santos, world's largest coffee shipping port.

9th day—Montevideo! You'll arrive in Uruguay in the early evening, and stay at the splendid Victoria Plaza Hotel.

10th day—You'll drive around Montevideo—to the top of the hill that named it—to beaches, and to see Gauchos.

11th day—You're sure to want to shop because nutria coats that would cost \$1,000 or more here are less than \$400 there. At nightfall, you'll take an hour's flight across the river to Buenos Aires, and the famous Plaza Hotel.

12th day—Buenos Aires, one of the most beloved cities in the world! You'll drive to government buildings, race tracks, adjacent parks, art galleries, and to the world's largest opera house.

13th & 14th days—On your own in this friendly city of the 50¢ fleet mignon. Your host will name the best eating places. And

your hotel is just around the corner from Avenida Florida where alligator articles sell for a song.

15th day—Santiago, Chile, after another experience that only South America can offer... the 30-minute flight over snow-covered Andes. You'll never tire of telling about it. You'll probably talk of nothing else on your drive from the airport to the Carrera Hotel, one of the world's finest.

16th day—If you're not up already, band music will waken you next morning as the Changing of the Guards takes place in the plaza in front of your hotel. Then you'll be driven to see government buildings and palatial homes.

17th day—You'll see more of Santiago; or have time for a trip by train to Valparaiso and Viña del Mar.

18th day—Lima, after a stop at La Paz, Bolivia, highest airport in the world. You'll see many moods of the Andes... ranging from snow-covered volcanoes to sun-baked plateaus which Indians used as gigantic drawing boards to chart the sun and leave ancient calendars. Then, in early evening, the Gran Hotel Bolívar!

19th day—Lima and suburbs. You'll drive narrow streets overhung with wooden balconies... wide, beautiful plazas framed in 400-year-old architecture; and through suburbs where palatial homes are set in tropical gardens.

20th day—Lima and historic ruins on the Pan American Highway. A 4-hour motor drive will take you to museums and along the Pacific to Pachacamac, where civilization flourished 2000 to 4000 years ago.

21st day—Lima with time to shop for silver before the evening plane for home over the routes of Panagra, Pan Am and National. Your plane stops at Panama at midnight and you may decide to prolong your trip to stop off there. Otherwise, you arrive in Miami in early morning, in New York before noon of the 22nd day.

From New York, your 3-week trip costs \$998. From Chicago, \$1,008. From Los Angeles, \$1,050. It includes round trip by air, drives to and from airports, excellent hotel rooms with baths, guided sightseeing.

All flights by DC-7Bs and DC-6Bs with radar! You're with Pan American World Airways on the East Coast and Pan American-Grace Airways (Panagra) on the West.

The stops and length of this trip are examples of what you can do on a special 30% off excursion fare to Buenos Aires and back. You can include side trips to Incacland, Quito, Panama (\$181 for an extra week) and/or the Lake District. Tours vary from 11 to 55 days, guided or on your own. For free folders and helpful suggestions, see your Travel Agent or Pan Am. Or write Mr. Don Wilson, Panagra, Rm. 4442, Chrysler Bldg., New York 17, N. Y.

* No kin to the famed Communist agitator of the 1920s and '30s, "Mother Bloor" (whose real name was Ella Reeve Oshott).

VIEWPOINT

Advertising

Quadruple A

The meeting rooms at White Sulphur's Greenbrier (and after meetings, the three golf courses) are populated this week with ad agency executives, their unusually decorative wives, and guests. Occasion: the annual convention of the American Association of Advertising Agencies, or the "4-A's".



BRORBY AND DANFORTH
A positive, dynamic approach

In early days, before the Association was formed, an "agent" was little more than a peddler of space. Today, ad agencies are complete creative organizations converting space and time into successful advertising. And the Association represents more than 325 agencies, who create and place at least two-thirds of the national ad-output.

Sharpening The Shots

In three days of serious sessions, the ad men are considering advertising's current creative and marketing roles. Retiring chairman Melvin Brorby of Chicago's Needham, Louis and Brorby feels the industry has a challenge to make an even greater contribution to the economy. Vice Chairman J. Davis Danforth of BBDO will wind up the session with a call for a positive, dynamic approach.

Long Drive

The assembled ad men's conclusion about their economic responsibilities: sustained, forceful advertising that persuades consumers to live better will help get business back on the upbeat.

Published as a service to the advertising industry and the consuming public by

McCall's

The magazine of Togetherness

RELIGION

The Nephews

Nepotism is not a new word at the Vatican; evolved from the Latin *nepos* for nephew, it originally described the fat handouts of princedoms and privileges to the nephews of Popes centuries ago. Last week the word went back to its old meaning and added new fuel to the hot church v. state issue in the campaigning for next month's general elections in Italy.

THE POPES' NEPHEWS DON'T PAY THEIR TAXES, yelled Italy's left-wing (but anti-Communist) weekly *L'Espresso*. The facts were not that simple, but they were enough to stir Italy's increasingly overt anticlericalism. Don Giulio Pacelli, 47, nephew of Pope Pius XII, has long been a well-known man-about-the-Vatican. A prince and a colonel of the Noble Guard, he has held positions in many offices of the Vatican administration and many Congregations of the Curia. Currently he represents Vatican investments on the boards of the Banco di Roma, and pharmaceutical, shipping and piping companies. In 1946 the Central American Republic of Costa Rica appointed him envoy to the Vatican State, upgraded him to ambassador ten years later. Another papal relative is also a diplomat at the Vatican: Count Stanislaw Pecci, grandnephew of Pope Leo XIII (1878-1903). Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the Sovereign Military Order of the Knights of Malta.

When in 1947 the Italian government imposed a whopping tax on capital, Prince Pacelli and Count Pecci found themselves in an odd position. As Italian citizens, they were subject to the tax, but as diplomatic representatives of foreign powers they were specifically exempt. Experts at the Vatican State Secretariat studied the question, decided they should not have to pay, and the Vatican formally asked the Italian government to exempt them.

The request was turned down. For the next eight years, according to *L'Espresso*, the notes flew, governments rose and fell, finance ministers came and went, until at last, in 1955, Minister of Finance Giulio Andreotti, a Christian Democratic Party stalwart, said yes. Minister Andreotti promptly defended his decision on legal grounds and pointed out that it applied only to diplomats appointed before the tax was imposed. Prince Pacelli and Count Pecci kept silent. But, crying "anticlericalists!" the Vatican's *L'Osservatore Romano* opened a running debate with critics of the tax exemptions, declared that the implied slap at the Pope might be punishable under Italian law.

The Pastoral Policeman

Kenneth Eugene Hager, 45, is a big (6 ft. 2 in., 240 lbs.) cop who knows every lush, pimp and tart on "Sin Corner" in Charleston, W.Va., where he has been running them in for 20 years. Today he is Charleston's Policeman of the Month, but not for making arrests. Ken



PRINCE GIULIO PACELLI
Forgive us our taxes.

Hager's proud specialty is saving souls.

Not long ago he specialized in booze and brawling. On his way home from the Army in 1946, Ken stopped in at his favorite bar at Sin Corner—Summers Street and Kanawha Boulevard—and there he learned that both his father and brother had just died. He promptly went on a bender that could be heard for blocks. Back at his job on the force, he was suspended three times for drinking, improper conduct, breach of duty. "I was nothing but a bum in a policeman's uniform," he says. "I showed no mercy, no tolerance. My arrest tactics were often disgraceful brawls. Most of the time I was



Earl Benton—Charleston Daily Mail
CHAPLAIN HAGER AT WORK
Forgive them their trespasses.

so sick from drinking that I couldn't make it to roll call."

Hope & Help. One day in 1955, Ken Hager seemed to see himself for the first time. "I realized I was on the road to hell and that nothing could help me but God. It seemed I couldn't get to him fast enough." He quit drinking, joined a Nazarene church, and began going to work an hour early each morning to study his Bible. But a pious cop is not necessarily a good cop. Police Chief Dallas Bias found the new Hager "ineffectual" because he kept trying to help suspects instead of digging up evidence and hammering out confessions. Transferred to desk duty, Hager still seemed miscast. Chief Bias went to the mayor. "How about setting up a chaplaincy for the force?" he suggested.

The experiment was a snowballing success. Chaplain Hager's fellow officers avoided him at first, but soon began dropping into his tiny office at headquarters to talk over their problems. He has helped to keep at least three police families from breaking up, and prompted a dozen police officers to join churches. In municipal court Hager sits next to Judge James McWhorter every morning so that he can prepare for follow-up work with defendants. Among the winos of Summers Street he is a symbol of hope and help, has managed to rehabilitate a dozen drunks.

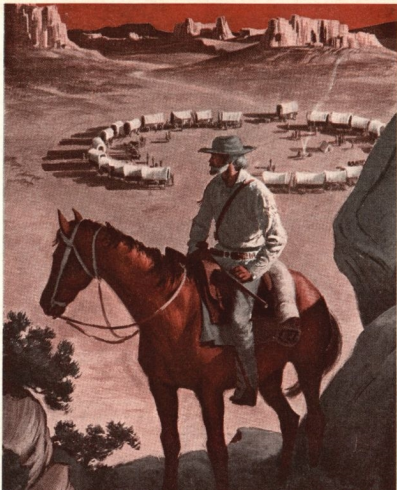
A Little Prodding. But the brightest star in Ken Hager's new crown is his "Soul's Harbor Mission." In an old bar and barbecue joint he built a sanctuary with pulpit, piano, pews and mourner's bench, a bunkroom with modern kitchen, showers and storage areas. Hager opened his doors to the hungry and homeless on Jan. 8, 1956, has given lodgings to more than 4,000 of them, served 22,000 meals, and sent 650 converts to churches of their choice. Every night Ken Hager, now a minister of the Church of the Nazarene, welcomes them to an informal nondenominational service of hymn and prayer.

This week Charleston's cops and skid row bums were talking about the bad news: Chief Bias was looking for a new chaplain and missionary. Ken Hager is retiring from the force to move to New Smyrna Beach, Fla., where his brother, sister and 85-year-old mother live. But he does not plan to relax in the sun. "I believe God will lead me into new work there," he says. "I imagine some people down there need a little prodding about the future of their souls. I'll be there to give it to them."

Diapers in Divinity School

Since God has ordained marriage, wrote Martin Luther, it is good for a priest to take a wife. But the founder of Protestantism, who did not marry until he was 41, might be surprised at the latest trend among U.S. Protestant ministers—marriage while still in seminary. Married students in leading seminaries rose from 15% in 1935 to 36% in 1955 to 60% last year.

A long, dim view of this nuptial speed-up is taken this week by the *Christian*



The lonely out rider played a vital role in the winning of the West. To the wagon train, he represented protection. Today we protect ourselves with insurance. Because of its importance, you should select and consult an independent insurance agent or broker as you would your doctor or lawyer.



U.S.F. & G.

Casualty-Fire-Marine
Insurance • Fidelity-
Surety Bonds

United States Fidelity & Guaranty Co., Baltimore 3, Md. • Fidelity Insurance Co. of Canada, Toronto
Fidelity & Guaranty Insurance Underwriters, Inc., Baltimore 3, Md.

Magnificent Magnavox High Fidelity TV

... the finest on any basis of comparison



THE VIDEORAMA High Fidelity TV. 4 speakers—262 sq. in. screen. In several styles from \$299.50

Prove to yourself that Magnavox television is the finest—and the best buy on any basis of comparison. Magnavox is sold direct through dealers specially selected for their ability to serve you. Choose from 37 beautiful styles, in every price range from \$169.90.

THE MAGNAVOX COMPANY • FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

YOU'D KNOW HIM ANYWHERE!

The plumed coffee boy of Chicago's world-famed Pump Room is a perfect symbol of the superb cuisine and service you find at the Imperial Hotels in Chicago, Toronto, and Ottawa. Whether it's succulent steak at the Sherman's celebrated Porterhouse Restaurant or lighter-than-air soufflé at the Lord Simcoe's Captain's Table, you dine with a flair! Of course you're pampered, too, by luxuriously appointed suites and rooms . . . the constant Imperial effort to make your stay the *finest!*



Imperial Hotels

CHICAGO THE SHERMAN
THE HOTELS AMBASSADOR

CANADA THE LORD SIMCOE, IN TORONTO
THE LORD ELGIN, IN OTTAWA

Century: "By what great shift in sociology, psychology, temperature or radiation are we to account for that clamant coupling of pre-ministerial students which threatens now to turn our dormitories into nurseries, our campuses into playpens, our graduate colleges into preschools? Ordinarily we would plead for no ivory tower, but if the choice is ivory tower or brooder coop, the remoter symbol looks better all the time."

Strictly for Whispering. The most obvious objection, says the liberal Protestant weekly, is economic. Seminaries find themselves spending money on quarters for married students that might otherwise go to maintenance or faculty improvement. The expense of "such massive swaddling" drove "the distinguished and dignified president of one of our proudest and most prestigious seminaries" to plead with his married students last fall to cut down their rate of reproduction. Some seminarians sign up for married quarters while they are still single. In one important Southern seminary, an administrator queried one such foresighted young man, who admitted he was neither married, engaged nor even particularly interested in anyone. "But," he said, "if I got into the married dorm year after next I know I could find a girl in plenty of time."

Another problem is the high psychological accident rate. "Women work, men study, families are raised in shifts; too busy people get on each other's too taut nerves in too crowded quarters in too noisy halls. So there are crackups; some lurid ones, strictly for whispering; more strained, silent ones gritted through in the analysts' offices."

The Gentling of a Man. But the worst result may be the long-range effect of family responsibilities on young men. Their attitude to their studies is naturally a more "practical" one; they concentrate on subjects that will get them through seminary fastest and guarantee the best posts—"the 'how-to' courses which will make them the skilled technicians and craftsmen for whom the best market waits." The unmarried student, on the other hand, has more freedom to grow in breadth and depth by ranging through the offbeat areas and collateral readings. "Is there not some danger," asks the *Century*, "that men who spend seminary time learning to be homemakers are thereafter too apt to be at home in the church as it is and to let the church be at home in the world as it is?"

"Heaven knows, the parish itself soon enough pats even the most independent preacher down into comfortable conformities. But that gentling will be one thing for the man who can remember a time when in his freedom he questioned and challenged and criticized—a different thing from the gentling of a man who from the beginning, driven by family practicalities, has been seeking the pattern that he might conform."

"The trouble with the church today is exactly its dreadful domestication. The last thing it needs is more domesticated ministers."



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MEDICINE

Rescue by Radiation

One morning in mid-March, Mrs. Gladys Lowman, 31, wife of a roofer in Franklin, Ohio, awoke with what she called a bad stomach-ache. Drugs brought no relief all day. An orange-sized lump soon began to bloat her abdomen. When her doctor ordered emergency surgery, Dr. Walter A. Reese at Ohio's Middletown Hospital operated at once. He found a hemorrhage in a kidney that had apparently been displaced from birth. Swiftly, because the patient otherwise would have bled to death, Surgeon Reese removed the kidney. Despite massive transfusions, Mrs. Lowman lost so much blood during the operation that she "died" on the table. After her heart had stopped for four minutes, artificial respiration and more transfusions were needed to bring it back to life. Already qualifying as a rare case, Mrs. Lowman then became a rare phenomenon twice over.

In the operation's aftermath came the shocking discovery that Mrs. Lowman, mother of two children, had been born with only one kidney. Now she had none—and no human can stay alive without a kidney. Surgeon Reese's next swift decision was to transfer her to Boston's Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, where he knew that a medical team could keep her alive temporarily with an artificial kidney. Armo Steel Corp., which employs two of her brothers, flew Mrs. Lowman and Dr. Reese to Boston at once in a company DC-3.

New Theory. Then, with the mechanical kidney in frequent operation, began a three-week preparation at Brigham for one of the most radical operations ever attempted: transplanting a kidney be-

tween persons who lack common genes. In recent years, a Brigham team had succeeded six times (and failed once) in kidney transplants—but only between identical twins. Of 17 attempted transplants between unrelated persons, none worked: antibodies in the recipients' blood destroyed the "foreign" tissue. The operations worked for the twins because of the rare match between the patients' genes: instead of being destroyed by antibodies, the transplanted kidneys "took."

In the desperate case of Mrs. Lowman, doctors operated for the first time on a new theory. Since antibodies are born in blood cells produced in the bone marrow, it might be possible to curb them by destroying the marrow itself. No mechanism would then remain to reject a transplanted tissue. New bone marrow, from several donors to minimize antibody hostility, could then be injected intravenously.

Taking Over. For three hours under an X-ray machine, Mrs. Lowman was subjected to massive radiation that killed all her bone marrow. Her white blood corpuscle count fell from the normal 5,000 per cubic centimeter to zero. Then a kidney from a four-year-old girl (whose treatment for hydrocephalus required kidney removal) was transplanted to Mrs. Lowman. The Boston surgeons attached it to the femoral arteries and veins below the groin in her right thigh. She received a dozen marrow transfusions before and during the operation, mainly from her brothers. With her count of disease-fighting white corpuscles still at only 250 per cc., she has been kept ever since in the near-sterility of an operating room.

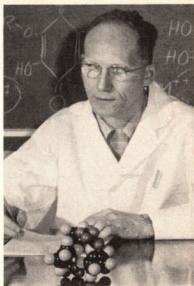
Still faced with the task of off-setting the radiation destruction of both white and red corpuscles, still listed Mrs. Lowman's condition as "critical." They were unwilling to comment in any way on their achievement. But it was a fortnight after the operation, and the patient was still alive. Moreover, use of the artificial kidney was gradually being eased, and there were hopeful signs that the transplanted kidney was beginning to function.

Fallout Remedy?

The major menace of radioactive strontium is that chemically it behaves too much like calcium. The human body must have calcium, especially for its bones, but it makes little distinction between calcium and strontium. So when there is strontium around, it picks that up too—and deposits it in the bones where the radioactive forms can do the most harm.* When doctors try to flush strontium out of the system, the body is similarly indiscriminating: it is likely to get rid of too much calcium at the same time.

Last week in San Francisco, Biochem-

* Greatest danger is from the strontium isotope with atomic weight 90, which has a long half-life, but the metal's other radioisotopes could also be harmful.



RESEARCHER LINDENBAUM
Out went the strontium.

ist Arthur Lindenbaum of the Argonne National Laboratory told the American Chemical Society how he and his colleagues had tested a chemical that flushes out strontium selectively and spares the body's calcium. Used so far only in rats (no human victims of acute radiostrontium poisoning are known), the chemical is a tasteless yellow dye, the rhodizonate salt of either sodium or potassium. Lindenbaum and his colleagues dosed their rats with the mildly radioactive strontium 85, which, for the purpose of the test, served as well as its deadlier big brother, strontium 90. Then the rats got the rhodizonate in moderate-to-huge doses every which way: intravenously, by injection into the peritoneal cavity, by stomach tube, and in their drinking water.

Alone, the big doses proved moderately poisonous, but this effect was checked by simultaneously giving the rats a diuretic, acetazolamide (trade name: Diamox). Then, depending on how it was given, the rhodizonate picked up 20% to 40% of the radiostrontium so that it was flushed out in body wastes within 24 hours—provided the rats were kept foodless. Next problem, said Lindenbaum, is to find out whether fasting is necessary for rhodizonate to work, or whether there is a way to get around this. Either way, he was confident that rhodizonate, which human subjects could take by mouth at the first threat of radiostrontium exposure, offers an encouraging lead toward overcoming the most dangerous hazard of fallout radiation.

Other reports on radiostrontium:

☐ Contamination of food crops from strontium-90 fallout can be reduced by simply adding lime to the soil, said the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory's Dr. Eric B. Fowler. His team found, in "Project Green Thumb," that plants growing in calcium-poor soils are avid for stron-



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tium: give them enough crushed limestone (which is 40% calcium), and they lose much of their appetite for it.

¶ Strontium-90 from fallout may be a greater-than-average danger to the aged as well as the very young (whose fast-growing bones naturally take up the calcium-mimicking element quickly). A group of Columbia University scientists found that in oldsters over 60, the strontium uptake appeared markedly higher than in their juniors aged 20 to 60, was concentrated in the vertebrae, the breastbone and the ribs.

Capsules

¶ Two years ago the Chinese Communists, trying to curb an annual population growth of 15 million, revived the ancient Chinese myth that a dose of tadpoles after each meal is an effective oral contraceptive. Thousands of women promptly rushed to dirty lakes and rivers to scoop up tadpoles with rice bowls. One result: widespread schistosomiasis (infestation with blood flukes). Even worse, the government admitted ruefully last week, women who religiously swallow tadpoles get pregnant just the same.

¶ "Spectatoritis is the nation's No. 1 fitness problem," said Shane MacCarthy, executive director of the President's Council on Youth Fitness. "I was at a recruiting station recently, and the doctors there told me they've detected a new ailment—heel fractures among soldiers learning to march. They haven't used their legs enough to be ready for the exercise they get in basic training. We do too much sitting and looking when we should be out doing."

¶ Victims of radiation exposure should walk to the nearest shelter—never run—says Biologist Thomas J. Haley of the University of California. He exposed rats to an eventually fatal dose of radiation, found that one group, with light exercise, tired and died rapidly, while another group that stayed quiet took far longer to perish. If humans find themselves under some cover during an atomic blast, he feels that they should stay put. "You may experience radiation sickness, but you may at least live to recover."

¶ The ancient fear of leprosy is fast disappearing—so much so that the late Father Damien's famed settlement for leprosy patients on the Hawaiian island of Molokai is being opened to tourists. From a peak of 1,180 active cases in 1890, the settlement today has only 75. Since some 150 recovered patients prefer to remain, officials hope to give them a livelihood as guides and taxi drivers by encouraging outside visitors.

¶ Aldosterone is one of man's most potent hormones, regulating the amount of salt (and thus of water) in the body, but scientists studying its workings have been hampered by its extreme scarcity. Now the University of Wisconsin's Dr. William S. Johnson has found a new way to make aldosterone wholesale from common coal-tar products—first major step toward learning whether it can be used in treating disease.

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By a Wall Street Journal
Subscriber

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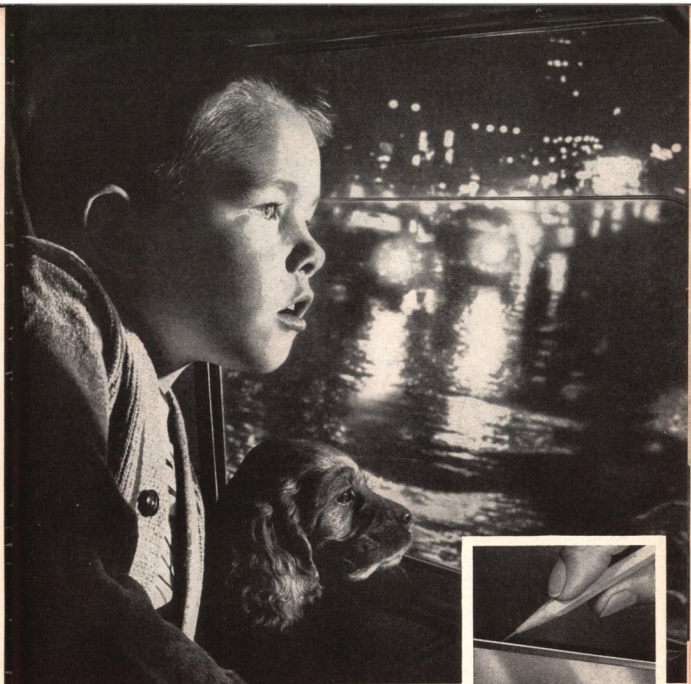
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United Press



Martha Holmes

VOLKNER AND BARR WITH DAMAGED TCHELITCHEV

ART

Nightmare at Noon

René d'Harnoncourt, director of Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art, rounded the corner of Fifth Avenue and 53rd Street shortly after noon one day last week and saw the most horrible sight a museum man can imagine. Smoke was pouring from his museum's shattered glass façade; firemen were scrambling up ladders, axes in hand. In the distance was the wail of more fire engines bucking Manhattan traffic to answer the three alarms signaling the worst museum fire in U.S. history.*

People First. The possibilities of irreparable loss to the art world were monstrous. On the museum's ground floor was a special on-loan show of 63 paintings by the late Cubist Painter Juan Gris. In the gallery above the fire hung more than 150 works by famed 19th century French Pointillist Painter Georges Seurat, including four of his seven major canvases, lent by U.S. and European collectors (TIME, Jan. 20). Only one closed fire door stood between the acrid smoke and scorching heat and the pick of the museum's permanent collection, richest and choicest trove of modern masterpieces in the world.

But the people came first. Director d'Harnoncourt, who arrived as 30 children in the museum's painting classes were being led to the street, was soon leading search patrols to comb through the smoke-choked galleries. Museum Board Chairman Nelson Rockefeller donned a fireman's coat and helmet and plunged into the smoke to help. Director of Collections Alfred H. Barr Jr. led trapped museum

staffers from the fifth floor to an adjacent brownstone roof. Other museum staff members led 500 visitors to the museum's rooftop restaurant or down the fire stairs. The fire's human toll: 30 firemen and visitors injured, one workman dead. Mute evidence of how bad the result might have been were the smudged, clawing finger marks left on a wall by Electrician Ruben Geller, 55, before he collapsed and died face down in 6 inches of water on the second floor.

Flight from Chicago. Concern for the art came second, but it was more widespread. In Chicago, Art Institute Director Daniel Catton Rich, who rounded up the

Seurat show, including Chicago's most valuable painting, Seurat's *La Grande Jatte*, appraised at more than \$1,000,000, got news of the fire by telephone 50 minutes after it started. Another 50 minutes later Rich was on a plane to New York, and four hours later he was standing before *La Grande Jatte* in the adjacent Whitney Museum. With an audible sigh of relief, he announced: "It's in excellent condition. No damage at all." It was the first time the Chicago Institute had lent the Seurat masterpiece, and it will be the last: it was given to the museum with the provision that it would be lent only once.

For the escape of *La Grande Jatte*, Rich

PORTRAITS IN BRONZE

WITH the arrival of the photographer, both painters and sculptors lost the impetus for what through the ages was one of their main functions: recording the great, the vain and the beloved for posterity. One of the few topflight 20th century sculptors who kept at portraiture is Britain's U.S.-born Sir Jacob Epstein, 77. Best known for the press outbursts that until recently greeted such Epstein works as his pregnant *Genesis*, blocklike *Ecce Homo*, and misshapen *Adam*, Epstein holds that portraits rank with the monumental in sculpture. "It's good stuff," he says. "What could be more interesting than a human face?"

Sir Jacob knows how to make a bronze face human—and interesting. The impressive garnering of Epstein's portraits, on view this week at Manhattan's James Graham & Sons gallery, offers convincing proof of his unique talent (see color page). The 19 bronze casts (the largest Epstein

show in the U.S. in more than two decades) glow with richness, powerful psychological insight and sense of deeply observed human beings.

Epstein says that he does not start with a definite conception of his subject. Instead, he believes in allowing the sitter's character to impose itself gradually on the clay as he works. After years of portraiture, he reached the learned conclusion that "men sitters are more vain than women sitters." This may in part explain why some of Epstein's most moving pieces are portraits of women.

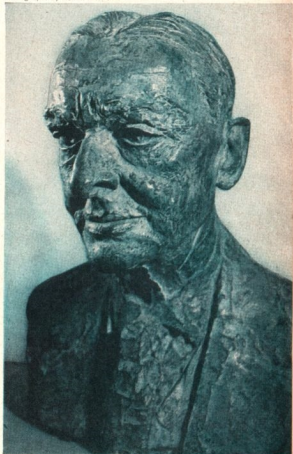
To describe the state of high nervous tension in which such a bust is done, Epstein tells how he first rouses in the shape with clay, moves in to observe the eyes including "the exact curve of the under-lid," defines the nostrils so that they seem to quiver with breath, moves on to the lips, cheeks and finally the shoulders and back until he feels "a trembling eagerness of life pulsate through the work."

* But small in comparison with the blaze that roared through Munich's Glaspalast on June 6, 1931, destroying all but 50 of the 3,110 paintings in the museum, and with a World War II fire that destroyed 417 works stored in Berlin's Flakturm Friedrichsain, including paintings by Rubens, Titian, Botticelli, Goya.



NOVELIST JOSEPH CONRAD sat for portrait bust five months before he died (1924), praised finished work by Jacob Epstein as being "truly monumental," said: "It is wonderful to go down to posterity like that."

Photographs by Nelson Morris



POET T. S. ELIOT was done in 1953 by Epstein, who strove to catch the American-born poet's character as well as his countenance. The face, Epstein noted, "was lighted by a smile at once genial and ironical."



KATHLEEN, for years Epstein's model and good friend, is now Lady Epstein. The sculptor feels that this bust is "well able to stand the malicious scrutiny of my critics."



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owed thanks to Fellow Director d'Harnoncourt, who rounded up a volunteer crew of eleven to wrestle the huge, glass-covered, 10-ft.-long painting (weight: more than 500 lbs.) from its temporary wooden frame, cover it with paper and tarpaulin against smoke and water stains and lug it to safety. To the credit of the museum staff, who struggled through smoke and water to carry paintings out of danger, only nine paintings out of a total of over 2,000 worth more than \$4,000,000 were destroyed or damaged.

Two paintings are considered totally destroyed: Candido Portinari's 1939 World's Fair mural from the Brazilian Pavilion, *Festival, St. John's Eve*, and Monet's 18-ft.-long *Water Lilies* (TIME, Art Color, Jan. 30, 1956). Six others were blistered, smoke-stained or burned: Umberto Boccioni's *The City Rises*, Larry Rivers' *Washington Crossing the Delaware*, Jan Muller's *Faust I*, Wilfredo Lam's *The Jungle*, Pavel Tchelitchew's *Hide-and-Seek* (often rated the museum's most popular oil), and Jackson Pollock's 9-ft.-long *Number 1, 1948*. Worst damaged of all was a smaller Monet *Water Lilies* hanging at the top of the main staircase: it was baked the color of an over-toasted marshmallow.

Out with the Wood. Restoring the burned and smoke-stained paintings will involve pioneering techniques. Tchelitchew never revealed what mixtures of medium he used in painting; Pollock worked on unprimed cotton canvas. Museum Art Conservator Jean Volkner has not given up hope that all can be brought back to near original state.

Wooing back the confidence of lenders, upon whom the museum depends for its shows, may prove more difficult. More devastating than the museum's \$320,000 worth of damaged and destroyed paintings was the sharp report from New York Fire Commissioner Edward F. Cavanagh Jr., who praised the building's excellent construction and exceptional fire safety, but bore down hard on practices that "could have contributed to a major fire." The fire apparently was started by a cigarette carelessly thrown by a workman helping install air-conditioning equipment on the second floor. An open standpipe caused water to cascade down a stairway at 750 gallons a minute, cutting off an escape route; seven fire doors were tied open. Worst of all, from the art standpoint, was the fact that masterpieces—including the \$1,000,000 *Seurat*—were hung on highly combustible temporary wallboard and wood partitions.

The museum promptly set 250 workmen to tearing down the partitions and replacing them with cinder block. By week's end Director d'Harnoncourt announced that the museum will reopen its ground floor this week, will have at least its *Seurat* show back on the walls. Refitting the rest of the galleries will take longer. Said D'Harnoncourt grimly: "This time we are not going to open until the Fire Department, the building inspectors, and most of all, we ourselves, are convinced that not the slightest fire hazard exists."

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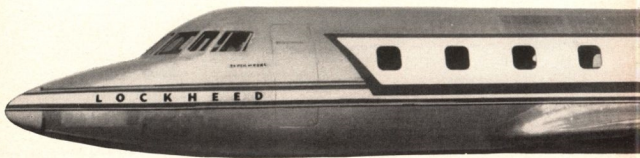
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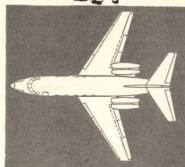
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BUSINESS

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Bad Earnings & Good Stocks

A heavy stream of first-quarter earnings reports last week showed many important companies down sharply. To the surprise of some and the relief of many, Wall Street reacted more with a yawn than a yowl. Stocks on the Dow-Jones industrial average climbed higher on four of the five trading days, wound up at 449.31 with an eight-point weekly gain, 30 points above the low.

After dropping 20% from its bull-

sales; its stock, which had declined 15% from the peak, climbed almost two points. Aluminum Co. of America's President Frank W. Magee reported a 38% drop in earnings. Yet when he also announced that March orders were the highest since October, Alcoa stock rose slightly.

Still other stocks climbed when the bad news failed to live up to investors' expectations—or when dividends were not cut quite so sharply as feared. Caterpillar Tractor, whose earnings tumbled 76% to \$3,400,000 for the quarter, rose $1\frac{1}{2}$ points at the announcement, since

Voice with a Smile

"The business recession should be bottoming out now," American Telephone & Telegraph President Frederick R. Kappel last week said to some 2,600 stockholders crowded into the annual meeting in Manhattan. Other cheery news: A.T. & T.'s 1957 profits were up to \$852,904,000 v. \$777,791,000 in 1956, would probably stay up in 1958. "As to our growth," said Kappel, "I think the significant point right now is that we are furnishing more service despite the general slowing down of the nation's economy." To expand service, A.T. & T.:

Q Added 1,400,000 phones since September, and is handling 5,000,000 more phone conversations a day.

Q Plans to spend \$2.2 billion to add 2,000,000 new phones this year, add facilities to handle 130 million additional toll calls annually.

To cut costs, even in some relatively small ways, A.T. & T. is:

Q Sweeping its office floors with a specially treated, dust-gathering cloth to save \$1,000,000 a year.

Q Training information operators in a new reading method that has cut the time needed to look up a number from 37.6 to 33.3 sec. Potential saving: \$8,000,000 a year.

During the 4½-hour meeting, stockholder after stockholder popped up to ask questions of Kappel. When one weary stockholder finally asked that some stockholders be kept to parliamentary rules, Kappel replied: "That would be the last thing I would want to do to stockholders, who are entitled to have their say."

What Easier Credit?

For the fourth time in five months, the Federal Reserve last week eased the U.S. credit supply. To Reserve districts in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis and Minneapolis, Chairman William McChesney Martin and his governors gave permission to drop the rediscount another $\frac{1}{4}$ (to $1\frac{1}{4}$ %) on loans to member banks, and sliced bank reserve requirements. Thus the FRB released a potential of \$2.7 billion in new credit into the nation's money stream.

Partly, FRB acted to relieve a sharp \$600 million drain on bank reserves caused by heavy purchases of gold by foreign nations, largely Great Britain, whose exchange position has improved dramatically in recent months. More important, the FRB was increasingly anxious to stimulate the lagging U.S. economy by making credit both cheaper and more plentiful.

But the sad fact is that FRB's five-month campaign to ease credit has failed so far to cut interest rates appreciably. Though Federal Reserve banks have cut their rediscount rate 1½%, only a few loan categories such as 90-to-180-day bankers' acceptances and short- and



A. T. & T. ANNUAL MEETING (PRESIDENT KAPPEL ON DAIS)
Sweeping up more profit.

market high, the Big Board has already discounted the recession—at least in its current state—and is looking ahead for the upturn. The 20% decline is perhaps too conservative, since it counts only those 30 blue-chip stocks (of 1,521 on the board) that comprise the Dow-Jones industrial average. The price of many other stocks has dropped much more than earnings, sometimes as much as 50%. By the same token, some of the blue chips in the average may still be priced higher than their earnings warrant, and may be in for a rough ride.

On the Bottom. In oils last week, company after company turned in reduced earnings. Texas Gulf Producing Co. slipped 38% in profits for the quarter; since its stock has already tumbled 44% from the 1957 high, there was little reason for investors to sell and little reaction to the earnings. Socony, Standard of New Jersey and Phillips Petroleum moved ahead by a point or more as investors gambled that the low point had been reached.

The same was true of chemicals, where Du Pont reported a 17% cut in quarterly

many investors had expected the company to lose money.

Profits for Some. The selective character of 1958's market reflected the spotty nature of the recession itself. While heavy durable-goods industries have been hard hit, many service industries and non-durables still boom ahead. Cigarette Makers P. Lorillard, Philip Morris and Reynolds are still climbing the filter-tip wave to new highs both in earnings and stock prices. Fat first-quarter earnings for Safeway Stores, National Dairy, Kroger, National Tea, all nudged their stocks slightly higher.

A few Wall Street bears say that the test is still to come when the big auto and steel companies report in the next few weeks. Yet those earnings should not come as a shock to anyone. Everyone knows that both industries are doing poorly. Chrysler Corp. admitted last week that it will go heavily into the red in 1958's first three months, after earning \$46.5 million last year. Stock reaction: a decline of two points, as investors, who have already chopped Chrysler 48% from its bull-market high, held steady.

TALK ABOUT THE RECESSION

Artemus Smith (a hardheaded businessman): As I was saying, Joe, I'm tired of all this pussyfooting. Why not come right out and call it a depression?

Josephus Jones (a watcher of trends, an economist): Couldn't agree more, Art. I'm tired of euphemisms myself.

Smith: Good! Good to get that settled. But I've been fascinated by something else. I hate to blurt it out, because some people might mistake my meaning. But this isn't really a sincere depression.

Jones: What do you mean? Sounds like you've been spending too much time on Madison Avenue.

Smith: What I mean is—well, pollsters like Sam Lubell have discovered that most people aren't very disturbed by the depression and, God knows, a lot of businessmen think it will be over in six months or so without getting much worse. You know—not really cutting deep, not sincere.

Jones: True, true. As my barber says, it isn't as if people didn't have money.

Smith: Sure, they've got money. They're saving it, and they're paying off earlier purchases and things like that. But they're not spending enough of it on new goods. I guess there are lots of reasons for this. But I think I've got the real name for what's going on. It's the Depression of Consumer Disenchantment.

Jones: Now you sound like you've been hobnobbing with those fellows over on FORTUNE. That's a pretty fancy phrase. But you may be right. What worries me—and I'm not a businessman—is that if this disenchantment continues long enough, we might get a sincere depression. I think we need to watch the next few months with a good deal of nervousness.

Smith: Right. But let's be sure what we're nervous about. After all, this recession was triggered by attempts to check inflation. The Fed's tight-money policy was right, and then you had that congressional howl about economy. But of course it's too much to expect that you can manipulate the economy with precision.

Jones: Not from Washington alone.

Smith: No! But businessmen did some damage, too. They overproduced, and they cut down investment—one of the perils, by the way, of the Age of Abundance. Much of the blame has to go to the auto industry. The overselling of cars in 1935 was shocking. And it was a mistake not to cut prices in 1937. Matter of fact, this depression could rightly be called the Auto Depression.

Jones: Well, it could. But consider that, by creating a surplus of cars, the auto industry probably reduced the actual price to the buyer—by big knock-offs on the list price. That leads me

back to your talk about consumer disenchantment. How did it start—what with these price knockoffs and discount houses, and such?

Smith: I was coming to that. Point is, the American people have been buying a huge volume of goods, and they're pleased with their high standard of living. But just as services—TV repairing, dry cleaning, and such—have got more expensive, a lot of them got steadily worse. Goods, too, have declined in quality. Even such a basic item as the modern house is not what it should be; it's often thrown together like a woodshed.

Jones: That's pretty tough talk.

Smith: Maybe it is. But the fact is that the more buying of a lot of goods has not made people happy. It has not given them the psychic lift that so much advertising promised. I am not saying that people are on a conscious buyers' strike. I simply suggest that they are disenchanted with all the goodies on the American market, and are resisting. The field of home and women's products is a good example. Don't you think the housewife gets tired of being told that this shampoo or that detergent will hold her husband or solve her housekeeping problems? Maybe she would like to be told that a product is good because it wears well and does what it is supposed to do, reliably and economically.

Jones: Well, the women don't seem to mind being pushed around. They're still susceptible to any suggestion that they can become more beautiful. Look at the beauty industry—it's doing better than ever. And many of the items that come into the home are really invaluable—frozen foods and instant cake mixes that allow even the worst cook to turn out a good job.

Smith: The facts seem to prove that the consumer is good and tired of the U.S. car, at least—and that's far more important than cake mix.

Jones: Sure is. But maybe one of Detroit's big troubles is that it made its cars too well; they don't wear out fast enough. Let me read you something from London's *Spectator*. One of its writers, who has driven every sort of foreign car, gives his considered view of American cars as follows: "The reason I particularly like the Thunderbird is that everything works. Nothing goes wrong. Everything has a solid feel, all accessories seem to be infallible."

Smith: That's good to hear. They've always been good under the hood. Right now it's those damn fins and all that chrome that's bothering people.

Jones: I thought right now, as Ike says, the problem is to get more people to buy more things.

Smith: That's only part of the problem. The real question is not how to cure the depression quickly, but to do what's

best for the country in the long run. This means more than getting people to go out and buy a new lipstick or a new refrigerator. If the depression is to serve any purpose, the people, and especially businessmen, should learn the proper economic lessons from it. They should relearn such basic virtues as prudence and the value of a good day's work, and what is worth how much. We need to cut waste, and work for a balanced budget.

Jones: You're talking like a Republican now.

Smith: Well, why not? If we try to solve our economic problems by shoving goods down people's throats through manufactured money and high-pressure salesmanship, we risk a deep corruption of the people, not just because they will be stuffed with goods they haven't earned and don't really need, but also because people eventually won't know what to do with them.

Jones: An overstuffed cornucopia! But let's not forget the problem at hand.

Smith: Let's not. What do you think it is?

Jones: Well, it could be a tax cut. Make a lot of people feel very good, and get a lot of money released for buying.

Smith: But I doubt it's the way to solve the depression. It would make the deficit too big and it would be too demagogic to do good where it is most needed.

Jones: A lot of businessmen and economists think so. The Committee for Economic Development and the National Planning Association have come out for a tax cut, and so has the Rockefeller Brothers Fund. So, for that matter, has Harry Truman.

Smith: I prefer less spectacular methods. Public works is a good starter, especially since many projects, such as highways, need doing anyway. Housing should be stimulated, and I have the pious but not unreasonable hope that we can get better houses. Urban renewal is a necessity, depression or no. Unemployment compensation should be increased to relieve distress.

Jones: All acceptable, but you've got to remember that politics determines what is really done.

Smith: True. And the depression—or recession—is a good excuse for a lot of political-economic folly—farm subsidies, xenophobic trade measures and things like that. What we really need, to use a businessman's trite expression, is a truly sound economy—growth and expansion, yes, but tempered with soundness. And we need to have it sound at every level—at the level of Government, at the level of the corporation, and at the level of the individual family budget.

Jones: For once, I can fully agree.

TIME CLOCK

CASH DIVIDENDS rose to \$2.822 billion in first quarter from \$2.808 billion a year ago, but this was slowest gain since World War II.

WALTER REUTHER'S POWER as undisputed labor chief of auto industry may be challenged by skilled members of his United Auto Workers who have formed two splinter craft unions, aiming to file in 200 plants to win bargaining rights and fatter raises and benefits than unskilled U.A.W. men. Automakers will side with Reuther to battle splinter groups, fear that small number of separately organized skilled workers could paralyze industry if they wanted to strike.

AVERAGE FAMILY INCOME in U.S. mounted to \$6,130 before taxes last year, up from \$5,910 in 1956, though rise in living costs cut gain almost entirely.

U.S.-SOVIET MOVIE SWAP will be made for first time since World War II. Hollywood plans to lease a dozen hits—*Picnic, Oklahama*, etc.—to U.S.S.R. for \$50,000 to \$100,000 each, get about six Russian films for showing in U.S., e.g., *Swan Lake, Othello, Don Quixote*.

SMALL-PLANE BOOM will lift industry to peak profits this year. In first quarter, Cessna Aircraft enjoyed most prosperous period in 31-year history, saw after-tax earnings jump 86% over a year ago to \$1,586,000. Beech Aircraft's earnings climbed to \$907,500 from \$756,000 in last year's first quarter.

U. S. MISSILES will be produced in a foreign country for first time. Douglas Aircraft will license Cana-

dian firms to produce its supersonic Sparrow II air-to-air missile. General Dynamics' Canadair Ltd. will make Sparrow's airframe, and Canadian Westinghouse will turn out guidance system.

MARGARINE topped butter for first time last year. U.S. consumed 8.6 lbs. of margarine per capita v. 8.5 lbs. of butter. In 1935, spread was 17.1 lbs. for butter, only 3 lbs. for oleo.

McCANN-ERICKSON, which captured G.M.'s \$24 million Buick ad account (*Time*, Feb. 24), will also get company's \$3,000,000 G.M.C. truck and motor coach billings. Detroit's Campbell-Ewald agency is favored to hook G.M.'s still-open Frigidaire account.

EXPORT-HUNGRY CANADA, hoping to ease wheat glut and dependence on U.S. trade, will make hard sales pitch to Red China. Canada recently closed first big wheat deal (1,700,000 million bu.) with Red China since Korean war, now wants to step up sales of lumber and chemicals, boost exports to China above the \$55 million yearly level attained during pre-Communist days.

MOVE INTO TEXTILES is being considered by fast-growing Chas. Pfizer drug house (1957 sales: \$207 million). Pfizer has option to buy Virginia-Carolina Chemical Corp.'s division making Vicara, a cashmere-like synthetic that has been a flop so far because it weakens when washed. Before deciding whether to buy, Pfizer will conduct major research to see if Vicara can be improved.

of headlights, fins, tails, wings, etc., that is called an automobile in 1958." Reuther agreed with a Dutch newsman who thought that U.S. cars were getting "sillier and bigger" and added: "I think the auto industry should make a car which at least could be parked in a single block."

Editorialized the New Haven, Conn. *Journal-Courier*: "Obviously a mistake has been made in gauging the public's taste in automobiles. Yet the industry's leaders still go on insisting that the size, overpowered motor capacity and pretentious fin-like protrusions of today's monsters of the highway are predetermined by public desire and not arbitrarily by the manufacturers. But mistakes have been made before in adjudging public wants. Actually, the turn by so many toward the tiny cars from Europe should have brought the truth home to an alert industry."

Last week reports swirled around Detroit that automakers were hustling to restyle their long-planned '59 models to satisfy the shift in public tastes, possibly bring out some small cars. Whether they will or not, automakers were seriously considering one big change to spur sales: they are expected to move up the introduction of '59 models. Detroit buzzed that divisions of at least two of the Big Three will stop '58 production in July instead of September, will drive in with the '59 models weeks ahead of schedule. General Motors plans to introduce many of its '59s in mid-September, one to two months earlier than last year. Chrysler Corp., riding in the red for 1958 (*see* State of Business), plans to show its 1959s by mid-October, instead of Nov. 1 as last year. Automen figured that if G.M. and Chrysler advanced their introduction dates, Ford would soon follow.

Victory for the Heavies

The bigger and heavier cars took honors last week in the 1958 Mobilgas Economy Run. For the second straight year, Chrysler dominated the field, winning top honors in three of the four classes v. last year's clean sweep.

After a four-day, 1,883-mile trip from Los Angeles to Galveston, Texas, the trophy for the best mileage among 29 cars went to Chrysler's Imperial Crown, driven by Mel Alsberry Jr., 28, a three-time winner. The average of his Imperial, which also won in the high-price class: 62.7188 ton miles per gallon (computed by multiplying the car's weight by the number of miles per gallon).

More notable was the performance of the Chrysler New Yorker, driven by Alsberry's brother George, 21. It not only took second place in the overall run and first in the upper-medium-price class, but it showed the best performance of all cars in straight mileage. The New Yorker, eighth heaviest car in the race, averaged 21.0217 miles per gallon to beat out all cars in every class, including the smaller and lighter cars.

Few ordinary drivers can expect to get the same mileage as the cars in the run; most are not so highly tuned or so skillfully driven. Otherwise, the models are

medium-term commercial paper have followed with similar declines.

Other rates are still at near-record levels:

① The prime rate for industrial loans is still at 4%, only 1% below the boom's peak, and keeps all other rates high.

② Auto loans still average 6½%.

③ Home-improvement loans cost 5%.

④ Small business loans are still 6%.

While some bankers agree that businessmen and consumers are holding back because of high rates, many financial men from coast to coast are dead set against cheaper interest. They argue that it does not create as much demand for loans as reducing reserve requirements to make more loanable funds available. Besides, say bankers, lower rates mean trouble on the profit and loss statement.

Commercial banks, which historically paid only 2% to 2½% on savings accounts, must now pay 3% to compete for funds and do not have much margin for operations if prime rates drop any lower than 4%. As a result of the cost squeeze, says one New York banker, "there has been no lending at all in New York below the 4% prime rate so far. And there are very few exceptions out of town. The

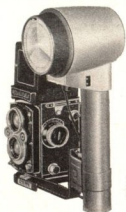
loan ratios are high in all categories, and sentiment is firm against lowering the prime rate."

But what bankers fail to explain, and what borrowers—who find the cost of money too high—find irritating, is that bank profits are still rising despite all the wailing about zoning costs. Last week Manhattan's First National City Bank, Manufacturers Trust and Mellon National Bank & Trust all reported first-quarter earnings sharply higher than last year, up as much as 10%.

AUTOS

"Weird Collection"

To the mounting chorus of complaints about U.S. cars were added the voices last week of Harvard University's Economist Sumner Slichter and Labor Leader Walter Reuther. Slichter (who drives a 1951 Ford) expressed hope that automakers, burned by "the unattractiveness of the 1958 cars," now will "come forward with models that meet the people's fancy and small, economical cars that may become the rage." One trouble with the auto industry, Slichter advised the Senate Finance Committee, is "the weird collection



Futuramic Strobolar, pictured with reflex camera, \$59.95 transistorized, \$49.95 standard. Weight: 35 oz. without batteries.

Here is a major technical advance in photography from Honeywell: the first lifetime electronic flash unit that needs no separate power pack. In the transistorized Futuramic Strobolar, one lightweight, compact unit contains lens, flash tube and batteries. It needs no bulbs, operates on 3 size D photoflash batteries or household current; "freezes" action in 1/2000 of a second and recharges in 8 to 12 seconds after each flash. Developed by Honeywell's Heiland Division, it is now available at your camera shop.

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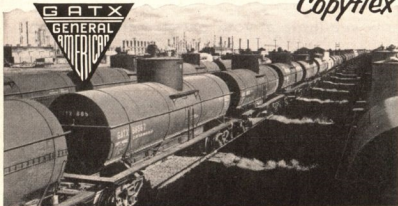
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stock cars, all with automatic shifts. The placings, selected on the basis of ton miles per gallon and the cars' actual mileage:

Low-Price Class. Plymouth Belvedere, 20.0088 m.p.g.; Plymouth Belvedere, 19.9897; Chevrolet Delray, 20.6441; Ford Fairlane, 19.7775; Ford Custom 6, 20.8870; Chevrolet Bel Air, 18.7284; Chevrolet Impala, 17.1787.

Low-Medium-Price Class. Oldsmobile 88, 19.2377; De Soto Firedome, 18.9471; Edsel Pacer, 19.2518; Pontiac Super Chief, 18.8017; Edsel Pacer, 19.0052; Mercury Montclair, 18.1621; Buick Special, 16.9445; Dodge Custom Royal 500, 17.8137; Dodge Custom Royal 500, 17.5490; Studebaker President, 19.2608.

Upper-Medium-Price Class. Chrysler New Yorker, 21.0217; De Soto Firelite, 19.6573; Mercury Turnpike Cruiser, 18.8390; Mercury Park Lane, 17.4186; Oldsmobile 98, 17.4849; Buick Century, 17.6698; Edsel Citation, 17.2474; De Soto Firelite, 18.2869.

High-Price Class. Chrysler Imperial Crown, 20.5821; Lincoln Continental, 18.0737; Lincoln Continental, 17.9628; Buick Roadmaster, 17.4024.

SHOW BUSINESS

Hollywood Happy Ending

The most potent force in U.S. moviemaking is a pair of Manhattan lawyers: Robert Benjamin, 49, and Arthur Krim, 48. At a time when things in Hollywood are going from bad to worse, they have demonstrated a new way to make fat profits and good pictures—or possibly vice versa. When, in early 1951, they took over United Artists, one of Hollywood's oldest and biggest film-distributing companies, it was losing \$100,000 a day. Last week, in the first annual report since a public stock issue last spring, President Krim reported record profits of \$3,262,000 on record sales of \$70 million. Furthermore, the fast-moving company's first-quarter sales are up a handsome 17% over last year, and volume this year is expected to top \$80 million.

Benjamin and Krim furnished U.A. with a happy ending by building up the independent producer to be a major factor in moviemaking. They put stars, directors and producers in the drivers' seats, a practice that Hollywood once regarded as "putting the lunatics in charge of the asylum." This attracted a notable collection of talented moviemakers who turned out dozens of pictures that won high profits and praise—*High Noon*, *Man with the Golden Arm*, *The African Queen*, etc.

Though overall movie profits have plummeted, the prospects for profits on good pictures, says Krim, have never been better. "When you have a successful picture these days," says he, "the success goes beyond anything dreamed of years ago." When Hecht-Hill-Lancaster, now the most successful independent film maker, was just starting out, it asked U.A. to back it in what Benjamin called "a lovely picture we thought we might lose a little money on." It was *Marty*. It cost

Announcing a wonderful new electric typewriter...



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brings electric typing
control toward the typist!

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Here's an exciting break with past electric typing. Now — a "Floating Keyboard" designed just for the *softer* touch of an electric typewriter. Keys are close to the typist . . . key tops are Finger-Form for easy action . . . and every important control is right on the keyboard — just a *touch* away. But this is just the preview. See the all-new, crisp-line 1959 Golden-Touch Electric at your Underwood office.

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THE PREACHER WHO STARTED MEDDLING

by
J. P. Van Winkle
President
Stitzel-Weller
(Old Fitzgerald)
Distillery
Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849



One of the sisters at the old country church down home kept saying "Amen" to each sin the preacher condemned.

But when he got around to the sin of dipping snuff, her head stopped nodding as she whispered to her neighbor "Now he's quit preachin' and gone to meddlin'!"

As Kentucky family distillers for more than a century, we've stuck pretty much to one text—"the making and ageing of one old-fashioned genuine sour mash bourbon"—that and nothing else.

We haven't meddled with sidelines such as blends, vodkas, brandies, scotches, cordials or such, because we've found our hands full enough making OLD FITZGERALD as good as it was three generations ago.

Nor have we meddled with the time-honored methods responsible for the rich and satisfying flavor of OLD FITZGERALD as the one most authentic sour mash bourbon on the market today.

Our mashes still simmer a full three hours as they did generations ago. Our pure sweet yeast is still patiently made on old John Fitzgerald's identical formula. Our fermentation period is still leisurely and unhurried.

And Mother Nature still takes her own sweet time to oak-ripen our bourbon in open-windowed timber warehouses, built to our own pattern of a century ago.

It may be this strict adherence to our old-time sour mash "text" which brings so many hearty "Amens" from our loyal friends throughout the land.

Over the years, these satisfied customers have found in OLD FITZGERALD the final choice of their mature tastes.

We invite you to join this inner circle of business hosts who have discovered this old fashioned goodness in OLD FITZGERALD and find it good business to share, in moderation, with associates and friends.

Bonded 100 Proof Original Sour Mash Kentucky Straight Bourbon Made in U.S.A.

\$300,000, has so far picked up \$5,000,000 plus Academy awards.

Lucky Gambles? Many Hollywoodians regard Benjamin and Krim as merely cool and lucky gamblers. But they are much more than that. They have a keen artistic sense, will not agree to finance a movie and distribute it unless the "package" is right; i.e., the script, stars, producer and director all fit together. They read 50 to 60 scripts a week, back their artistic judgment with two of the shrewdest business brains in moviemaking.

They first met when they joined the Manhattan law firm of Phillips & Nizer (now Phillips, Nizer, Benjamin & Krim). Benjamin had worked his way through the College of the City of New York and Fordham Law School; Krim was a Columbia Phi Beta Kappa and editor in chief of the *Columbia Law Review*. They specialized in accounts in the entertainment field, became so well known that in 1951 United Artists came to Krim for help.

Started by Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Charles Chaplin and D. W. Griffith, United Artists had been skidding for years, was on the verge of bankruptcy because its two surviving owners, Chaplin and Pickford, could not agree on how to run it. Krim agreed to take over, but drove a hard bargain. He and Benjamin got control of the company for nothing. If they turned a profit within three years, they were to get half the 20,000 shares outstanding at \$1 a share.

To keep the company going, Krim borrowed \$3,750,000 from Chicago Financier Walter E. Heller, who still backs many U.A. films. To get movies for U.A. to distribute, Krim bought the distribution rights for 200 films from Robert R. Young's Eagle Lion B-picture company, swiftly sold them to distributors for cheap, middle-of-the-week pictures. Within four months the company turned a profit, and Benjamin and Krim got half the stock. U.A. bought out the rest later, issued \$17 million in stock and convertible debentures a year ago.

3-D Boomlet. With the company in the black, the pair decided that the best way to get more and better pictures to distribute was to build up a stable of independent producers and stars to make them. The independents were only too anxious; they not only had free artistic rein, but by capital-gains deals could make millions if their pictures were successes. One of the first U.A. pictures, *Bwana Devil*, drew no critical hosannas, but it cashed in heavily on the 3-D boomlet it helped launch.

U.A. followed with such pictures as *Moulin Rouge*, *Trapeze*, *Summertime*, was willing to take chances that major studios balked at. When Mike Todd could get no backers for *Around the World in 80 Days*, U.A. rescued him with \$2,000,000, arranged a further bank loan. To date, the picture has paid more than \$16 million to U.A. in rentals.

Not all the movies were successes. *Alexander the Great* was a flop and lost \$1,000,000; so was *St. Joan*, which U.A. somewhat reluctantly backed because the



UNITED ARTISTS' KRIM & BENJAMIN
The lunatics took over the asylum.

leading lady was unknown. But U.A. has taken the big loss on *St. Joan* without a murmur because it feels that Producer Otto Preminger was a moneymaker before—with *The Moon Is Blue*—and will be again. So U.A. will back him.

U.A. bets not on one picture but on the independent's record. If a producer runs over his budget, U.A. lets him alone, keeps its fingers crossed; the extra cost may be made up at the box office. Says Director William Wyler, who is \$1,000,000 over his budget as he winds up making *The Big Country*: "I wish these guys would squawk. It would make me feel better."

U.A. could lose its shirt if it backed a long string of bad pictures. But Krim and Benjamin, whose U.A. holdings are worth \$6,500,000, are protected by the fact that, in addition to owning a piece of the pictures, they get 32% of the gross rentals for distributing them. They have a further hedge in their TV operations, have the TV rights to 200 films they have distributed so far, plus 45% of Associated Artists Productions, which owns the Warner Brothers' pre-1950 library.

This year U.A. plans to release 36 major features at a cost of \$60 million. The fact that U.A. is betting so much money worries Krim—but not for long, because he thinks the pattern set by U.A. cannot miss. Says he: "We're in a growth industry."

GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

Pancake Baker. An automatic pancake baker designed to keep up with children's breakfast appetites has been developed by New York City's Polaroid Electronics Corp. A hopper at the top holds the bat-

* No kin to Polaroid Corp., makers of lenses and the fast-selling one-minute camera (TIME, Nov. 28, 1955).

Clarence Eichenberger, Division C

banker for construction machinery

Even in an era of enormous expenditures the figure is staggering: \$100 billion marked for highway construction during the next 13 years. And to build the network, dealers are selling nearly \$1.5 billion worth of construction machinery a year.

That's where Clarence Eichenberger comes in. As head of Division C at The First National Bank of Chicago, he lends money to construction machinery manufacturers and dealers.

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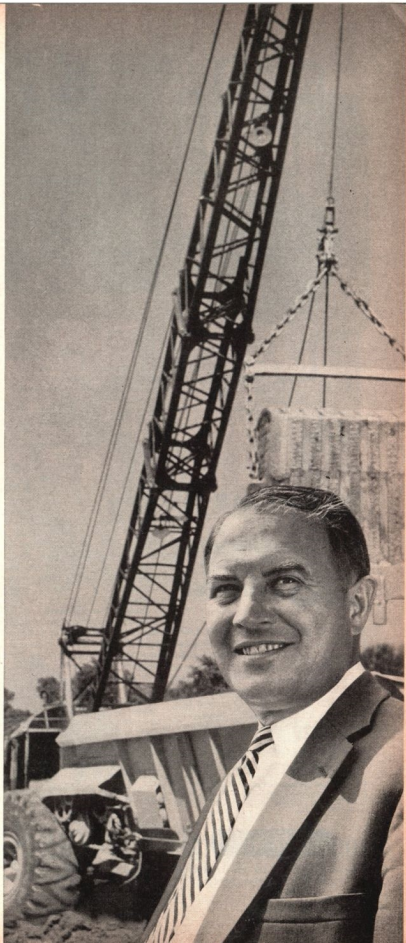
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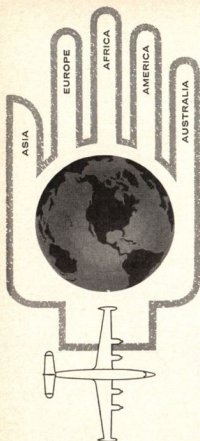
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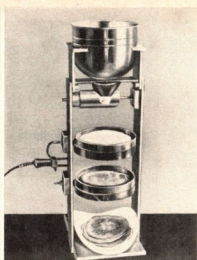
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ter, releases enough for one pancake at a time to an electrically heated griddle. When one side is done, the griddle turns over, plopping the pancake into a second griddle, which bakes the other side. Finished pancakes thus drop onto a platter continuously. Designed by Polarad's President D. Lawrence Jaffe, the pancake baker was inspired by Jaffe's family: four children who love pancakes, one wife who has trouble keeping up at breakfast.

Aluminum Village. Near Riverview, Fla., Housing Developer John Stelling offered houses of fabricated aluminum with 470 sq. ft. of living area plus porch and carport for \$5,999. Aluminum panels with honeycombed insulation are bolted to a concrete slab foundation, which has sewage and water pipes already installed. Designed for retired couples on limited incomes, the little houses have electric outlets three feet above the floor, guard rails around the bathtubs, ramps at the doors. Stelling, 75 himself, is aiming at a 2,500-home village.

Helicopter Altimeter. A microwave radar altimeter that can be attached to the automatic pilot of a helicopter and keep it hovering in one place indefinitely was announced by Sylvania Electric. Developed for use in Navy rescue and anti-sub operations, the device will also be available to commercial helicopters.

Drive-Up Phones. Curb phones which motorists can use without leaving their cars are being installed by the Illinois Bell Telephone Co.

RAILROADS

Last Rights

In Robert R. Young's dream of railroad empire, the instrument of accession was Alleghany Corp., the holding company that owned large blocks of major roads: Missouri Pacific, Nickel Plate, his own New York Central. Before his suicide in January, Young sold most of his own stock in the Central, but as chairman of Alleghany Corp. he held options on

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*Except in those states where specific waiting periods are required by law.

100,000 shares of Alleghany common which he had yet to exercise; he had been fighting to reorganize Alleghany for three years. Only two days after Young's death, the U.S. Supreme Court cleared the way for Young's planned revamping, and Alleghany common has risen almost 15%. Last week the Superior Court of Rhode Island agreed that Mrs. Anita O'Keeffe Young, widow and sole heir, could exercise (as executor) her husband's options at \$3.06½ per share. Paper profit at its current value (\$5.12 per share): \$200,000 minus 25% capital gains.

TRAVEL

Play Now, Pay Later

U.S. travelers will spend some \$18 billion to see the U.S. in 1958. From Cape Cod (tourist inquiries up 40%) to California, warm weather vacation business

is booming, thanks partly to easy-credit mechanisms. Items:

¶ Phillips Petroleum Co. announced last week that its credit-card holders around the U.S. may buy as much as \$150 worth of gas, oil, tires or auto accessories while on their vacation, and take up to six months to pay for their purchases.

¶ American Express started to sell package tours on the installment plan with payments ranging from three months up to 20 months. A 15-day tour from Chicago to the Grand Canyon, California, and Las Vegas, Nev.—including fares, meals, lodging and guides—can be bought for \$28 down plus payments of \$23.79 a month for twelve months. Total cost: \$313.48 v. \$283 if all paid in advance. American Express expects 2,000 installment travelers to spend \$1,000,000 on the plan in 1958, says that its domestic bookings are 10% ahead of last year.

MILESTONES

Born. To Edith Kingdon Gould Martin, 37, great-granddaughter of "Robber Baron" Jay Gould, sometime child poetess, harpist, actress (Agatha Christie's *Hidden Horizon*), World War II lieutenant (j.g.) in the WAVES, and Guy Martin, 47, lawyer; their first daughter, fourth child; in Washington, D.C. Name: Edith Maria Theodosia Burr. Weight: 5 lbs. 9 oz.

Married. Lee Ann Meriwether, 22, brunette Miss America of 1955, drama student and TV actress; and Frank Alletier, 32, actor (*Bells Are Ringing*); in San Francisco.

Redivorced. By Marie ("The Body") McDonald, thirtyish, cinemactress whose widely disbelieved abduction attracted publicity last year: Harry Karl, fortyish, shoe manufacturer; after two marriages (1947-54 and since June 1955), three children (two adopted); in San Fernando, Calif.

Died. Estelle Taylor, 58, oldtime sultry cinemactress (*Don Juan*), onetime (1925-31) wife of Heavyweight Jack Dempsey; of cancer; in Hollywood.

Died. John S. Coleman, 60, president of Burroughs Corp. and onetime (1956-57) president of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce; of a heart attack; in Detroit. Under his leadership, Burroughs developed from a maker of adding machines to a diversified company pioneering the field of electronic computation.

Died. "Diamond Jim" Moran (real name: James Brocato), 61, New Orleans restaurateur, onetime prizefighter, bodyguard of Governor Huey Long, flashy-dressing sporting figure who liked to show up at such events as the Kentucky Derby wearing diamonds from head to toe, including diamond-studded teeth and a few carats on the zipper of his pants; of a heart attack; in New Orleans.

Died. William Kerr Scott, 61, Democratic Senator from North Carolina, onetime (1949-53) governor of North Carolina and (1937-48) state commissioner of agriculture; of a heart attack; in Burlington, N.C. The tobacco-chewing "Squire of Hazy River" (where he ran a 200-head dairy farm) drew his political strength from the rural vote, solidified his farm popularity during his term as governor by pushing through a bond issue that financed the paving of 14,810 miles of rural roads, chivied power companies until they strung 21,000 miles of new electric lines. Liberal Scott thought North Carolina was "shortchanging" its Negro citizens, appointed the first Negro member of the state board of education.

Died. Frank Kent, 80, Baltimore Sun and syndicated columnist (*The Great Game of Politics*), author (*Political Behavior*, *A History of the Democratic Party*); of uremic poisoning; in Baltimore. Kent was a registered Democrat, but his column—which at its peak in the '30s ran in well over 100 papers—was bitterly anti-New Deal, involved him in several celebrated controversies, e.g., with Harry Hopkins, to whom Kent attributed the statement: "We will tax and tax, spend and spend, elect and elect." Kent came out strongly for Eisenhower six months before the Republican Convention of 1952, continued to write his column (weekly since 1947) until Jan. 5 of this year.

Died. General Maurice Gamelin, 85, commander of combined Anglo-French forces in France at the outbreak of World War II; in Paris. Removed from his command after the German breakthrough and blamed for the army's ignominious showing, Gamelin was tried by the Vichy puppets for inefficiency, later interned by the Germans at Buchenwald, lived out the days of peace in quiet retirement near Paris.

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This means “powering up” your advertising—using it more effectively than ever before. For advertising not only creates the consumer demand that moves goods through all the channels of distribution, it opens the way for salesmen in every area.

SOURCE OF NEW POWER

More than ever, advertising is the salesman's ally.

In almost any company, the sales calls that must be made have multiplied far faster than salesmen. There are more buyers, more dealers, more middlemen to be sold. And salesmen's sample cases bulge with new products, each requiring its added quota of calls.

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Today advertising is often the *only* way—certainly the fastest way—you can get the increased selling power you need.

When advertising is carefully conceived, it makes its calls directly and often. And it is most effective when it delivers its message in that moment of privacy the printed word assures. It does all this for a fraction of a cent a call.

When enough selling power is put behind a product by *both* salesmen and advertising, that product will find its way into customers' hands. It will grow and show a profit.

Are *your* products assured this kind of a future?

Advertising—today's vital salesman

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That the stocks you own are the best you can buy? That their outlook—or yours—hasn't changed with the years?

Maybe ten years ago you couldn't afford to take much risk with your money, so you bought stocks primarily for safety. But maybe that picture has changed. Maybe nowadays you're more interested in making capital gains. You can afford to take more risk—but you want stocks that have real opportunities for growth. In that case, the stocks you bought ten years ago may not be suitable.

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CINEMA

Newsreel

¶ Made more attractive by the subtle charms of condemnation, *And God Created Woman*, starring French Cineminx Brigitte Bardot in search of a bed-partner, seemed to be moving in for the biggest box-office killing ever made by a foreign film in the U.S. Rated "Condemned" by the Roman Catholic National Legion of Decency, the French-made movie has already grossed \$1,500,000 from a scant 175 bookings, will possibly take in as much as \$4,000,000. Biggest effect is on many of the so-called art theaters, which normally run a picture for two or three weeks, have been all *Woman* for upwards of three months. With half a dozen of her pictures now playing in the U.S., bosomy, frankly erotic Brigitte Bardot may all but monopolize U.S. art theaters.

¶ *The Old Man and the Sea*, beset by troubles since Warner Bros. began filming it, finally got into the can. Scheduled for release next August, *The Old Man* was originally budgeted at \$2,100,000, ended up costing an estimated \$5,000,000.

What happened?

1) A large and expensive crew, sent to Cuba to shoot the bulk of the picture, stayed on and on, brought back very little usable footage.

2) Director Fred Zinnemann, buffeted between the temperaments of Star Spencer Tracy and Author Ernest Hemingway, quit, was replaced by John Sturges.

3) An expedition led by Hemingway and costing Warner about \$100,000 went to Peruvian waters to hunt for a black marlin big enough for the script, hooked nothing suitable.*

4) Finding sharks to attack the big marlin's carcass turned out to be harder in fact than fiction, but, after suspending cinematographers in sharkproof cages in various parts of the Caribbean, suitable budget-eating footage was obtained.

5) A special jaunt to Hawaii was made for proper sea and sky effects.

6) A near football-field-sized tank had to be built on the Warner lot in Hollywood for closeups.

7) Matters came full circle with another trip to Cuba for fill-in shots.

Result: Producer Leland Hayward, whose *Spirit of St. Louis* ate up its budget and turned out to be a financial disappointment, seemed to have done it again: *The Old Man* will have to gross some \$10 million before it clears a penny.

The New Pictures

Marjorie Morningstar (Warner) speeds up the plot of Herman Wouk's bestseller, but the telling still takes a long 123 minutes. Though Marjorie (Natalie Wood) is deprived of that mad moment of youthful abandon with her lover (Gene Kelly), she at least avoids ending up with grey

* The footage finally used was of a leaping, tail-walking giant marlin hooked and fought by Big-Game Fisherman Alfred C. Glassell Jr. of Houston.

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hair, suburbia and a stuffy lawyer. Instead she goes up to re-examine the summer resort South Wind, spends a few minutes staring at the still irresponsible Kelly, and decides to leave him and his world forever. "Say, you've really grown up, haven't you," says the resort manager (George Tobias). Retorts Marjorie, with an ever-so-meaningful glance: "Yes, I think I have."

It seems probable that she will make suburbia after all, for on the bus, in the final, movie-ending ride away from care-free childhood, sits the man who has waited for her to grow up—Playwright Wally (Marty Milner). Except for his freckles and the wide-rimmed spectacles he uses to help hide them, Wally looks,



GENE KELLY & NATALIE WOOD
Sometimes, no talent at all.

talks, thinks and acts just like the lawyer or the doctor: conventional, respectable and successful. Thus, Marjorie's parents (Claire Trevor, Everett Sloane) can rest assured that middle-class morality has triumphed.

Even with its too-glib identification of mental maturity with success and conformity, the movie is as good as the novel. Gene Kelly sings and dances too well to be a convincing second-rater, but he gives an agile performance as the camp entertainment director. As schmalzy Uncle Samson, Ed Wynn gets a few laughs, and Claire Trevor is sharp and clear as the irritating but well-meaning mother. Natalie Wood, a great beauty, is something less than a great actress. Her most believable moment comes when Marjorie, despairing of Broadway acting fame, says mechanically: "Sometimes I think I don't have any talent at all."

Chase a Crooked Shadow [Warner], a shadowy whodunit with a crooked who-is-it finish, does its chasing along the austere magnificence of Spain's Mediterranean, rock-tempered coastline. Overlook-

ing the soft seas, in a typical Spanish villa complete with a Beverly Hills bar inside an East Hampton beach house, a powder-pale beauty (Anne Baxter) writhes in poor-little-rich-girl loneliness. Her father committed suicide, his mining trust fell to dust, and her speed-happy brother apparently died in a car crash. But her real worries are all boxed up and neatly hidden away in the beach-house chimney—oodles of stolen jewels. So long as they do not go up in smoke, the lady seems secure.

But a princely rogue (Richard Todd), his manner as cool as the Lagonda he drives, enters the villa and announces that he is her brother. He sports the right tattoo, recites her favorite rhyme, even knows how to mix the *apéritif* she guzzles before a swim. When she calls a friendly, reliable old uncle (Alexander Knox) to denounce the rascal, uncle celebrates his nephew's reincarnation. Then a couple of creepy, creeping servants jangle her nerves even more. Who is the hero? Is it the sad-mouthed police *comisario* (Herbert Lom) who lurks in the shadows? Is there a hero at all?

After the plot is finally straightened out, Producer Douglas Fairbanks Jr., unable to resist hamming up his own road show, dashes onto the screen and swears the audience to secrecy. But by that time, even Director Michael (*Around the World in 80 Days*) Anderson does not seem to care one peseta's worth.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Young Lions. Irwin Shaw's best-seller about World War II, clarified by an intelligent script and gifted Actors Marlon Brando and Montgomery Clift (*TIME*, April 14).

Stage Struck. Talented local girl finally makes good on Broadway—the hard way; with Susan Strasberg, Henry Fonda (*TIME*, April 7).

The High Cost of Loving. The hilarious private life of a rising young white-collar couple, described by Scriptwriter Rip Van Ronkel and Actor-Director José Ferrer (*TIME*, March 24).

The Enemy Below. A DE (Robert Mitchum) and a U-boat (Curt Jürgens), tangle in a running fracas that is sharply directed by Dick Powell (*TIME*, Jan. 13).

The Bridge on the River Kwai. Winner of seven Academy Awards as 1957's best picture by the year's best director (David Lean) with the year's best actor (Alec Guinness)—a magnificent story of the horror and the glory of war (*TIME*, Dec. 23).

Ordet. A luminously beautiful religious allegory made by Denmark's Carl (*Day of Wrath*) Dreyer (*TIME*, Dec. 16).

Paths of Glory. A passionate polemic against war and the vested disinterest of those who monger it; with Kirk Douglas (*TIME*, Dec. 9).

Don't Go Near the Water. Bell-bottom farce, based on William Brinkley's story about how some officers and men conducted the Navy's public relations—and their own private affairs—in the South Pacific (*TIME*, Nov. 25).

Should your organization

CAMPAIGN FOR FUNDS IN 1958?

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can help you
decide

Here is a brief report on a few campaigns directed by Ketchum, Inc. during the first few months of 1958:

Hospital, Bucyrus, Ohio	Goal: \$650,000—Pledged: \$853,000
Church, Columbia, South Carolina	Goal: \$300,000—Pledged: \$400,000
YMCA, Gastonia, North Carolina	Goal: \$500,000—Pledged: \$530,000
Hospital, Framingham, Massachusetts	Goal: \$900,000—Pledged: \$910,000
YMCA, Jamestown, New York	Goal: \$105,000—Pledged: \$106,000
Church, Darien, Connecticut	Goal: \$400,000—Pledged: \$402,000
Church, Indianapolis, Indiana	Goal: \$450,000—Pledged: \$631,000

Because conditions vary between cities and organizations, we cannot draw broad conclusions from these examples. But if your organization is trying to decide whether or not to campaign for needed funds this year, Ketchum, Inc. can help you make the right decision.

We study your organization, your community, your problems, your needs. We measure these factors against our background of 39 years and 2,200 successful fund-raising campaigns. Then we help you arrive at a sound decision based on facts and experience.

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BOOKS

Journey into Night

THE STARS GROW PALE (310 pp.)—Karl Bjarnhof—Knopf (\$4).

One test of a writer is whether he can find words for the things that are too terrible for words. Denmark's Karl Bjarnhof, 60, passes the test brilliantly in *The Stars Grow Pale*, the sensitive story of a boy slowly going blind. In Author Bjarnhof's hands, a theme that might have been merely harrowing or touching takes on the larger complexities of a boy's awakening sensibilities in a small provincial town amid a home life both flintily pious and grindingly poor. What brands the young hero's soul is not the iron of personal bitterness but the irony of human existence.

Even as a pre-teen-ager, the nameless boy-narrator of *Stars* is the butt of his Danish schoolmates' gibes. They shrill "Cross-eyes" when he squints. At recess time, they rip off his cap and toss it into the chestnut tree. When he cannot quite make out the math problems on the blackboard and whispers questioningly to a deskmate, the teacher comes him. The boy takes this ugly-duckling treatment philosophically. He believes that his ugly-duckling family, as well as his weak eyes, is to blame.

Painkilling Drug. But his parents are not a bad sort, merely ignorant, stubborn, anxious, self-righteous and poor. Papa is a Swedish immigrant, a brooding, phlegmatic day laborer who can rarely get a day's work. In the evenings he takes to his Bible as to a painkilling drug. Mama works at home pasting paper bags together for a local factory. She keeps a kind of debit account with God, believing that she owes heaven a prayer of gratitude whenever life on earth is remotely bearable. The parents arrange things so that the boy sees his preacher once a week and his doctor perhaps twice a year.

As his vision fogs, the boy cultivates a world of offbeat characters where the ironies of life are less barbed and the humor less sardonic. There is a tramp who lives on baked potatoes and slugs of brandy. There is an alcoholic street singer, a kind of turn-of-the-century Bing Crosby ("Boo-booboo-booboo"). And there is Grandma from Sweden who chews pipe dottle and comes to Denmark fully intending to die, but lives on to plague and embarrass the boy's mother with her unhousebroken back-country habits.

Gold Thread. When his mother finally takes the boy to a Copenhagen specialist it is too late to do more than prolong his eyesight for a few years, but back home in the town concert hall it is still early enough for the boy to find an exciting new sense of vocation. A violin note spins out over the hushed audience, "thin and glittering like a gold thread in sunlight . . . the echo felt like a kind of weeping in one's chest. A weeping that could not be wept." At novel's end, with a profound

sense of release shared by boy and reader alike, the boy is ready to abandon his grey world of failing sight for the luminous realm of pure sound.

What is perhaps most remarkable about *Stars* is that it is a fictionalized memoir from an author who is himself blind. Between the ages of 17 and 19, Novelist Bjarnhof lost his sight, subsequently toured as a concert cellist and became one of Denmark's leading men of letters. Active as an essayist, newspaper editor and radio interviewer, Karl Bjarnhof has published seven novels, *Stars*, which appeared in Denmark in 1956 and has since



MUSICIAN-AUTHOR KARL BJARNHOF
From exterior darkness to inner light.

been translated into six languages, is the sixth. It is a measure of Author Bjarnhof's rigorously won success that he makes his hero's tormented saga exalting without heroics or organ tones—or taking other than a dryly skeptical view of the traditional solace of religion. Taking adversity full face like a biting gust off his native fiords, the young hero of *The Stars Grow Pale* makes of his long day's journey into night a memorable voyage toward the inner light of self-discovery.

From the Horse's Mouth

THE ORDEAL OF WOODROW WILSON (318 pp.)—Herbert Hoover—McGraw-Hill (\$6).

Few U.S. Presidents spent much time writing about other U.S. Presidents. John Quincy Adams, a scholarly man, wrote about Madison and Monroe, and Woodrow Wilson, perhaps too scholarly for his own peace of mind, wrote about Washington before his own arrival at the White House. But taken altogether, presidential literary output about members of the club could be stowed between the covers

of a single stout volume. One reason is that few Presidents have been up to it or have had the time for it. Another, possibly more important, is a guild sympathy—a reluctance to trespass on another man's ordeal. At 83, Herbert Hoover trespasses only to bear gifts, and he crosses party lines to do it. In *The Ordeal of Woodrow Wilson*, he gives a generous salute to an idealist whose tragedy was quite simply that he did not live in an ideal world.

Hard Facts. *Ordeal* is not a biography. Hoover deals only with the years 1915-1921, when Woodrow Wilson in his Presbyterian rectitude dreamed a new world of peace and good will but never awoke to the fact that he was dreaming. The hard facts of reality are supplied by Hoover, whose own files on World War I contain more than 1,500,000 items. His own role in that period was enormous, though widely obscured since then by his role in the era of Hooverville. He was not only the man who fed hungry Europe during and after the war; he was one of Wilson's first advisers, served on the President's "American War Council" and the "Committee of Economic Advisers" during the peace conference.

In keeping with his engineer's temperament, Hoover's book is essentially a documentation, a blueprint of the Wilsonian ordeal. He shows in detail how Wilson captured the imagination of a war-shocked world with the promise of a just peace and a League of Nations to tidy up the international madhouse. He then shows how Old World hatreds and greeds, together with home-grown suspicions, turned Wilson's dream into a patchwork of drab compromise.

Loyal Tribute. What of Wilson's own defects? Winston Churchill once wrote: "If Mr. Wilson had been either simply an idealist or a caucus politician, he might have succeeded. His attempt to run the two in double harness was the cause of his undoing." And Georges Clemenceau, the old French tiger whose claws helped to shred the Wilsonian dream, snarled: "He acted to the very best of his abilities in circumstances the origins of which had escaped him and whose ulterior developments lay beyond his ken."

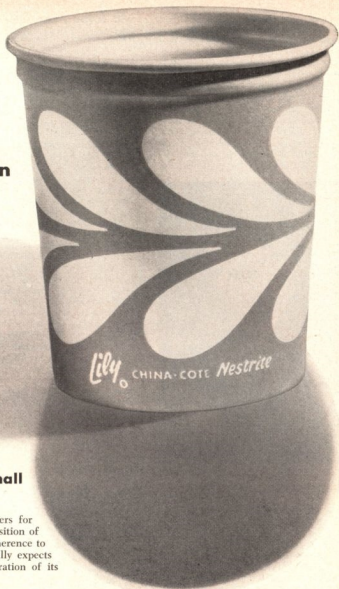
But Herbert Hoover, four decades later, stoutly defends his chief against what he believes was European cynicism, a failure of generosity and political imagination. Even now he tends to find saintliness where others might have seen ingenuousness. His book is at once the profoundly loyal tribute of an admiring subordinate and a compassionate judgment of one U.S. President by the most harshly judged U.S. President of modern times.

Jovial, Middle-Aging Man

THE CONTENTEDS (278 pp.)—John Wain—St. Martin's (\$3.95).

Novelist John Wain, 33, is identified by his British critics and his U.S. publisher as one of the Angry Young Men, but his second novel to cross the Atlantic does not look back in anger. It is a lively,

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funny story, essentially an American-style narrative about how men make good in a bad way in the big city and learn that success in the end is nothing but dust and ashes.

The publishers describe *The Contenders* as "a novel of character," and there they are right. The narrator is a beer-pudgy reporter, a jovial, middle-aging man named Joe Shaw. His real name is Clarence, but he is "everybody's uncle" and therefore Joe. Self-described as "an uncouth provincial boor," he tells a tale of a pair of modern Dick Whittingtons who see London as "the pallid aviary of bank notes



JOHN WAIN
He doesn't look back in anger.

flapping their wings in time to the cunning chimes of Big Ben." The London-lured travelers are school friends who grew up together in a town where the pottery kilns were like "giant Burgundy bottles." Their characters are fixed as schoolboys; life, they are told, is competition.

For the archrivals it is barely a step from the wet cobblestones of the town that Joe dares not name to the even more bleak landscape of ambition. Ned is a cool, shrewd Organization Man, and Robert a hotheaded art-rebel type; as they grow up, Joe keeps score in their unending game of one-upmanship. One symbol of success that each plays off on the other is Myra Chetwynd, the dizzy-making model whom Robert and Ned take successively to the altar.

It grows steadily clearer that Ned, a tycoon in pottery, and Robert, a successful artist, are only a pair of sad dogs snarling for the same old bone, and barking up the wrong tree. Between the artist who sneers at "goblets of bourgeois wisdom" and the businessman who is nothing but "a lousy provincial potter," it turns out to be fat, good-natured old Joe who achieves love, wisdom and an upbeat ending for good-natured young Novelist Wain.

Jun0 & the Peacock

THE PASSIONATE EXILES (354 pp.)—Maurice Levaillant—Farrar, Straus & Cudahy [\$4.75].

"Mischievous intriguer," "raven," "rascal,"—so Emperor Napoleon called Germaine de Staël, who became almost an obsessional hatred. When Mme. de Staël wrote her famed romance, *Corinne*, in 1807, the Emperor noted angrily that *Corinne's* heroine was English and its hero Scottish. He exploded: "I cannot forgive Mme. de Staël for having disparaged the French people." She was already banished from Napoleon's capital; when she appealed to return, he made her exile perpetual and ordered that she might not approach closer to Paris than 40 French leagues (100 miles).

Stoking Napoleon's hatred was the fact that flamboyant, liberty-loving Mme. de Staël had been one of the first to suspect his despotic ambitions. As France's First Consul, Napoleon had guessed, quite rightly, that Mme. de Staël "wanted to put him on guard against himself" and to play the part of mistress-adviser to him. But the Consul already had his eye on sylphish Juliette Récamier, wife of a Paris banker, had sent Minister Joseph Fouché to whisper in her ear: "The First Consul finds you charming." When, after Napoleon had become Emperor, Mme. Récamier still shied away, Bonaparte engraved her name forever in his so-called Great Book of Suspects. Just to top off the awful insult, Mme. Récamier became the bosom friend of the detested Mme. de Staël, thus forming an "alliance of two weak creatures who face their oppressors together."

Flowerly Charms. "Weak" was hardly the word for either creature. Mme. de Staël was a carthorse Juno with a passionate imagination: she could talk for hours on any given subject without pausing to breathe. Her lovers were so numerous that they ran concurrently, like prison sentences. Mme. Récamier, on the other hand, was bright and lovely as a peacock and quick as a lizard at dodging through chinks. "She liked to stop everything in April," said Critic Sainte-Beuve with French delicacy—meaning that Mme. Récamier drove men half-crazy by drawing them hopelessly on with her flowery charms (even Husband Récamier was denied his wife's bed). She was 40 before she embarked on her first (and last) grand passion, the 50-year-old Vicomte de Chateaubriand. It was worth waiting for: it won her an immortal place in his famous *Mémoires*.

The two women loved each other "with a love surpassing that of friendship." Their ardent relationship was only intensified by the fact that male admirers fairly swarmed around both of them—readily swooning when the "dazzling Juliette" draped her graceful neck around a harp and plucked a few plangent twangs, readily reaching for underdoses of poison when frustrated *amour* demanded the appearances of a tragic exit.

Disturbing Spirit. The near comedy of their joint lives, evocatively recorded in this dual biography by a French scholar, did not deprive the passionate exiles of a place in French history. In a time of dictatorship, they created in exile what Sainte-Beuve called "the intellectual Elysium of a whole generation." The Swiss Château de Coppet, where Mme. de Staël wrote romances, produced plays and presided over her interminable salon, drew as pilgrims the intellectual leaders of all "Free Europe." Under Napoleon's very thumb, Mme. de Staël helped keep alive the Voltairean ardor for liberty; against



MME. JULIETTE RÉCAMIER
She liked to stop in April.

his expressed wishes she introduced into France the disturbing spirit of German mysticism and romanticism that he most deplored.

When Napoleon went into exile at Elba, the long drama was over for the two women. But to each, there remained a little epilogue neatly expressive of their different characters. Mme. de Staël got wind of a plot to murder the deposed Emperor, generously warned him in time. Mme. Récamier displayed her charms before the conquest-bent Duke of Wellington and, bringing all her batteries of "organized coquetry" to bear on him, soon conquered the Iron Duke—but let no spoils pass between them.

The Mysteries

NORTH FROM ROME, by Helen MacInnes (307 pp.; Harcourt, Brace; \$3.95), is a sentimental travelogue spiced with a warning to all impulsive tourists: mind your own business. Horning in on a 3 a.m. kidnapping on the Via Veneto makes a lovelorn Harvardman miss the boat to New York, involves him with assorted dope peddlers, spies, a Sicilian triggerman turned legitimate, an Italian aristocrat turned Communist, and a dark-eyed golden-skinned Roman girl who did a turn

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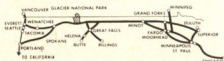
Even James J. Hill, the "Empire Builder", would be astonished at the tempo of latter-day migration to the vast and fertile western region served by his Great Northern Railway. In the past 17 years, population growth in California, Oregon, Washington and British Columbia has been fantastic. More significant to manufacturers looking for new markets or labor resources, it is largely an adult influx. You needn't wait for this region to develop consumers and workers. They're grown up . . . ready for you now!

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at Radcliffe. It all leaves him too jumpy to enjoy the landscape between Rome and Perugia, or even the pleasures of an assignation near the Borghese Gardens. With the warning comes a promise. It seems that if the tourist has enough wit to duck when the guns go off, and enough patience to wait for the professional counterespies to bumble through, he will win his girl and go home a hero. At least he does when a competent author organizes a bestselling suspense story.

THE BLONDE IN BLACK, by Ben Benson (224 pp.; Morrow; \$2.95), suggests what too many mystery writers have forgotten: murders sometimes merit sympathy; the police deserve credit for some sense. When Detective Wade Paris investigates a killing at the home of Singer Junie Jacques, he does his job so thoroughly that he winds up with a well-documented story of how a recording star is made. Everything falls into place. The greasy-haired idol of the sloppy-soxers gets into the book for good reason: the sex is there for more than the leers. Even the lunatic brother in the barred room upstairs finally makes sense.

TRIGGER MORTIS, by Frank Kane (251 pp.; Rinehart; \$2.95), starts shooting up the seamy side of Manhattan long before anyone thinks of calling the cops. Johnny Liddell, one of the hardest private eyes in town, takes on ex-pugs, Harlem hoods, dance-hall dolls, a poverty-row pressagent and the alcoholic editorial staff of a scandal magazine in a two-fisted attempt to keep a client from being reminded of her days as a dancer at stag smokers. It proves only that when a girl gets into trouble there is always a good man around to get her out, provided she has copper-colored hair and the kind of construction that puts a lovelight in a private eye.

THE MAN WITH YELLOW SHOES, by Anthony Heckstall-Smith (238 pp.; Roy; \$2.75), is a modest memorial to a lonely soul: a middle-aged English bachelor with a little money, a lot of time and a proper sense of duty. Richard Forrest had no good reason for visiting Cairo just before Nasser grabbed the canal, and no sensible explanation for staying on. But after a casual acquaintance was murdered there, what else could a chap do? Not hard-core Communists, unregenerate Nazis or fanatical Arabs of the Brotherhood of Mohammed can stay this fast-moving story. Nor can they keep a muddling middle-class Englishman from winning one last victory in the Middle East.

THE LONG SKELETON, by Frances & Richard Lockridge (190 pp.; Lippincott; \$2.95), takes off from the logical assumption that when a Torquemada-type TV interviewer is poisoned, the list of suspects is likely to run into considerable space. The puzzle yields to Pamela North, a young lady who has already solved a lively libraryful of murders. But her devotion to her sensitive-stomached Siamese cat and her giddy insistence that violence can be cute suggest that, for all her prowess as a detective, Mrs. North has a promising future as a likely victim.

MISCELLANY

Tally Forge. In Dallas, Leonard Bennett Burris, in jail for forgery, was made a trusty in the records division, juggled the dates on his own records to show that his term had begun three months before he was sentenced, also gave himself 113 days' credit for good behavior, walked out a free man.

C'est Si Bones. In Seattle, Pro Gambler Robert Dupree, who was hurt in an auto accident last year, claimed in court that his crap-shooting arm had been damaged, won a verdict for \$9,500 after telling the court that "you have to get in an awkward position sometimes shooting dice, especially if you're trying to make a four the hard way."

Protective Custody. In Cincinnati, after an argument with his wife, Cyril Fisher heaved stones through three plate-glass windows, finally got police to put him in jail.

For What? In Salt Lake City, Police Chief W. Cleon Skousen declared that Probationary Officer Wayne Orton, whose off-duty driving record shows three accidents, seven arrests, four suspensions, "has an outstanding record."

Uncombird with Education. In Texarkana, Tex., the *Gazette* gave a spelling test to screen job applicants (sample answers: *mislanion* for miscellaneous, *axcesserys* for accessories, *vacum* for vacuum, *uncombird* for unencumbered), found just one person who could make a perfect score: a 45-year-old housewife with an eighth-grade education.

Across the Board. In Oklahoma City, while embezzlement charges were being filed against the president and vice president of Selected Investments Corp., the court learned that both men had applied for state unemployment checks.

Father Along. In Canterbury, England, 26 girls and Kenneth Evans, 13, competed in a "mothercraft" examination, and Kenneth won it.

Urned Income. In Los Angeles, Joe Chavers got his lunch wagon stuck in the path of a Santa Fe passenger train, leaped to safety in the nick of time as the train hit the wagon, demolished everything but the coffee urn, from which Chavers sold hot java to the train crew and spectators.

Socratic Method. In Manhattan, a judge kept silencing Assistant District Attorney Burton Roberts' attempts to interrupt Defense Attorney Horacio Quinones, but recessed the court when Burton finally broke in to say: "I'm sorry, Your Honor, but in the interest of public health and justice, I must bring to the court's attention the fact that Mr. Quinones has just drunk a glass of Epsom salts in which I was bathing my finger."



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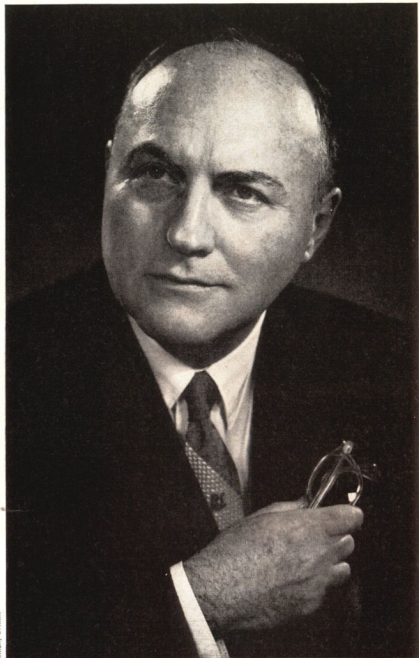
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